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IN MEMORIAM RALPH THOMAS HOTCHKIN GRIFFITH.

INTELLIGENCE of the death of the renowned oriental scholar was published in the *Pioneer* in its issue of the 12th November 1906, in the following telegram :—

“The death is announced of Ralph Thomas Hotchkin Griffith, a well known oriental scholar, who was Principal of Benares College for fifteen years and Director of Public Instruction in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh from 1878 to 1885. Deceased was eighty years of age and a keen horticulturist.”

This eminent orientalist, the educator of a generation of Indian youths in the Benares College, who spent his whole manhood in advancing the cause of Sanskrit in various ways—chiefly by popularising the gems of Sanskrit poetry among the English-speaking scholars of the East and the West through the medium of elegant translations in verse—the distinguished Oxonian who made India his home and having lived in it for more than half a century laid his bones here, whose death will be mourned by a large number of admirers, pupils and friends ;—Mr. Griffith should receive a fuller notice in the land of his adoption and work.

Mr. Griffith’s claim to our gratitude and admiration is based on two grounds : first, his excellent work as the Principal of the first College in his time in Upper India ;

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second, his authorship of beautiful poetical translations of the best specimens of Sanskrit poems—sacred and profane, epic and lyrical.

Let us first look at him in his capacity of a Principal. But before bringing him on the scene of his educational work in the Benares College it were as well to have a view of the educational condition of the Province at the time he began his Indian career. He came here when the Universities had not come into existence and before the formation of the Department of Public Instruction under Educational Directors. The only rival institution for the imparting of high education in these provinces at that time was the College at Agra, that at Bareilly being the third in order of seniority and rank. The College at Benares, even in the early fifties, had acquired a high repute due to the eminence of the professors who were successively on its staff. Like master like pupil. The College turned out some of the best scholars in those early days of English education, and the fame of the College spread wherever its ex-students were in evidence.

The Benares College is a composite institution. It began as a purely Sanskrit College and is a centenarian like its old cotemporary the sister College at Calcutta. The English Department was a later addition, but, though comparatively young, is still not less than three score years and ten. This composite College first attained its eminence under the Principalship of Dr. James Robert Ballantyne. He was a versatile scholar and had teaching

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experience in England before he came out to India. He encouraged the Pandits to have a peep into European philosophy and science, and the Anglo-Sanskrit Department was established with the view of imparting some English education to young Pandits. He prepared for their use Anglo-Sanskrit manuals on various subjects of study, including Political Economy and Chemistry. One of his clever pandits, the late Vithwala Sastri, had learnt so much of Latin as to be able to translate a portion of Bacon's *Novum Organon* into Sanskrit. The late Pandit Bapu Dev Sastri earned his celebrity for his translations of Sanskrit astronomical works into English during the regime of Dr. Ballantyne. But the indefatigable Scotch Principal did not exhaust his energies in the Sanskrit side of the College. He prepared a batch of scholars in the English Department who were the pioneers, so to say, of higher English education in these Provinces. The late Babu Ramchandra Sen, the first Indian Inspector of Schools in Oudh, the late Pandit Mathura Prasad Misra, the first and most efficient Indian Head Master of the Benares College, the late Hon'ble Ram Kali Chowdhury, who was a distinguished member of the Subordinate Judicial Service and who might have become a High Court Judge under more favourable circumstances, these and several other men of distinction were the first fruits of his educational work. That was before the University system of education had come into existence. Their number was few in comparison with

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the horde of graduates that the University is manufacturing every year, but the quality produced bore evidence of the master-hand of the educationist.

It was during the latter half of Dr. Ballantyne's Principalship that Mr. Griffith joined the Benares College as his colleague. He came out not as a new-fledged graduate of an English University with little educational experience, as some are sent now-a-days by the Secretary of State to train Indian youths in Science and Arts. He had distinguished himself as a Boden Scholar of Sanskrit at Oxford, had served as an Assistant Master in Marlborough College and had brought out a volume of "Specimens of Indian Poetry" and also "The Birth of the War-God." The first mentioned work contained choice specimens from the Vedas, the Ramayana, the Gita, the Sakuntala, the Mahabharata, the Meghaduta, together with a short account of the "Figures of the Indian Rhetoric." The second work is a translation of Kalidasa's poem, "the Kumara-Sambhava." Such was the scholar whom the College at Benares had secured as its Professor and Head Master. It was the height of prosperity for the old Benares College to enjoy the services of two such scholars as Ballantyne and Griffith on its staff. Dr. Ballantyne retired in about 1861 and became the Librarian at the India Office in London. Mr. Griffith stepped into the Principalship. For over fifteen years he held this office with remarkable success. His *forte* was the teaching of English poetry. He felt

a conscious superiority in his own mastery of English, and his great pleasure was to make his pupils excel in it. They were always afraid lest they gave offence to him by their bad English or defective pronunciation. Dictating notes was not his practice. He would refer his pupils to the College Library. The reading of books outside the class courses was the strong point of the students of his time. Hence the information of the undergraduates of those days was wider than that of the present average graduate. The first Head Masters of the Zilla Schools in Oudh were mostly Mr. Griffith's pupils, appointed by the lamented Mr. Handford, the then Director of Public Instruction of that Province. They were simply Undergraduates. Both Mr. Handford and his successor Mr. Nesfield bore testimony to the excellence of their teaching. Secondary education in Oudh owed its existence to them. Most of them are dead or retired, but it is doubtful whether Oudh Zilla Schools have better Head Masters now in these days of an abundant supply of Bachelors and Masters of Arts.

Mr. Griffith was a linguist. He knew well his Greek and Latin and had an acquaintance with several modern European tongues. German criticisms of Shakespeare and German translations of the great dramatist's plays were kept on his table for occasional consultation. His translation of Jami's poem "Yusuf and Zulaikha" is an evidence of his knowledge of Persian. He took pleasure in summoning now and then a lower class to

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the Principal's room and making them read and translate their vernacular text-books in Urdu, Hindi and Bengali. Mr. Griffith's mind was thus stored with the knowledge of the leading languages of the East and the West—ancient and modern. There was in him a refinement of manner and speech that was striking. His presence inspired a sense of awe in the students of the College. His appreciation, in turn, of the merits of his students was attended with unstinted and substantial rewards. He would not grudge to grant two or even three scholarships at once to a good student. He was generous and liberal, both as a man and as an official.

His great ambition as a Principal was that the Benares College should be glorified by the greatness of its students. And he witnessed the realisation of his wishes. In his time the College gave to its alumni the hall-mark of superior culture and scholarship. To possess Mr. Griffith's testimonial was a passport to official patronage. Such was Mr. Griffith, the Principal of Queen's College at Benares.

En passant it may be stated here that it is not known to the public at large that the change of name from Benares College to Queen's College was due to Mr. Griffith's desire to have the Benares College called after his own College at Oxford. The Government had so much respect for his wishes that they granted his request and thenceforth the new name has been officially and publicly used.

He rose to the Directorship of Public Instruction after more than fifteen years of distinguished service as Principal and was made a C. I. E. in recognition of his long and meritorious career of usefulness.

Mr. Griffith had not neglected his leisure hours in the midst of his official educational occupations. He brought out his 'Idylls from the Sanskrit' in 1865 and his 'Scenes from the Ramayana' in 1868. His great work, the metrical translation of the Ramayana of Valmiki, was composed between 1870 and 1875 and his 'Yusuf and Zulaikha' came out in 1882. The translations of the Rik, Sama and Atharva Vedas were rendered during his retirement and abode in the Nilgiris in Southern India. He has not left any original composition, but all his translations are poetical. The smaller pieces are delightfully charming.

Mr. Griffith sincerely appreciated the national virtues that characterised the people whose sacred literature he studied. Chief among these is the regard for animal life and compassion towards the distressed.

Mr. Griffith resented the unwarranted attacks of some of his ignorant and thoughtless countrymen on the character of the people whom destiny has placed under their rule. One such favourite fling against the Hindus has been, that the word 'Gratitude' is not to be found in their dictionary. Mr. Griffith's annoyance at such baseless calumny has found expression in the following lines in which the Hindu moralist

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anathematises ingratitude with all the authority of the Shastras :—

INGRATITUDE.

O Monarch, hear with mind and ear
 The words that Bramha spoke :
 ' The thankless man lives under ban,
 Who will, his life may take ;

Man for all sin may pardon win,
 How deep soe'er the guilt ;
 Yea, for the stain of Brahman slain
 Whose blood must never be spilt.

Slave to the bowl that kills the soul,
 He turns and gains relief ;
 The liar yet may pardon get,
 The perjured and the thief.

But never can the thankless man
 Be pardoned for his crime ;
 Disgrace and shame shall hunt his name
 Through life and endless time.

When left of friends his days he ends
 In profitless remorse,
 E'en beasts of prey shall turn away
 And scorn his loathed corpse.'

We are afraid lest by any addition to the above we exceed the limit of the present article. But the following from Jami's 'Yusuf and Zulaikha' compels quotation : the thoughts embodied are so characteristic of Persian poetry, and the translation has so faithfully reproduced the original in a style at once superb and lofty and heroically measured.

LOVE.

No heart is that which love ne'er wounded : they
 Who know not lover's pangs are soulless clay.
 Turn from the world, O turn they wandering feet,
 Come to the world of love and find it sweet.

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Heaven's giddy round from craze of love was caught ;
 From love's disputes the world with strife is fraught.
 Love's slave be thou if thou would fain be free ;
 Welcome love's pangs, and happy shalt thou be.
 From wine of love come joy and generous heat ;
 From meaner cups flow sorrow and deceit.
 Love's sweet soft memories youth itself restore ;
 The tale of love gives fame for evermore.
 If Majnun never the cup of love had drained,
 High fame in heaven and earth he ne'er had gained ;
 A thousand sages deep in wisdom's lore,
 Untaught of love, died, and are known no more.
 Without a name or trace in death they sank
 And in the book of Time their name is blank.
 The groves are gay with many a lovely bird ;
 Our lips are silent and their praise unheard ;
 But when the theme is love's delicious tale,
 The moth is lauded and the nightingale.
 What though a hundred Arts to thee be known :
 Freedom from self is gained through love alone.
 To worldly love thy youthful thoughts incline,
 For earthly love will lead to love divine.
 First with the Alphabet thy task begin.
 Then take the Word of God and read therein.
 Once to his Master a disciple cried :—
 “ To wisdom's pleasant path be thou my guide.”
 “ Hast thou ne'er loved ? ” the master answered, “ learn
 The ways of love and then to me return.”
 Drink deep of earthly love, that so thy lip
 May learn the wine of holier love to sip.
 But let not form too long thy soul entrance ;
 Pass o'er the bridge : with rapid feet advance.
 If thou would rest, thine ordered journey sped,
 Forbear to linger at the bridge's head.

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His Anglo-Sanskrit monthly journal *The Pandit* was founded and conducted by him for many years, more to utilise the labours of the Pandits of the Sanskrit College for the editing and publishing of rare manuscripts than to open a medium for the presentation to the public of his own writings.

His long life—he lived to the age of four score years—was occupied in the authorship of some readable work or other that has added to the store of Anglo-Sanskrit literature.

Now that we have sketched him both as a Principal and an Author, the reader, perhaps, would be curious to know what he was as a man. “An English gentleman” would be the shortest description in which his character may be summed up.

As one devoted to poetry he had a love for flowers and in his time the College garden was the best in the town. He carried his love of flowers to the end of his life. In a letter to an old pupil* written from Kotagiri when he was verging on his eighteenth year he says:—

“Thanks to your kind enquiry as to my health. It is still very good, every thing considered, and I can enjoy life in this excellent climate with a large and beautiful garden full of lovely flowers.

“I am sorry that I cannot at present send you a photograph† of myself. I had only two, and one of them I sent at his request to the late Professor Max Muller. I will remember your wish when I have one to spare.”

Yours sincerely,

RALPH T. H. GRIFFITH.

* The writer of the “In Memoriam.”—PUBLISHER.

† The one which forms the frontispiece of this volume was kindly supplied to Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Adityaram Bhattacharya by Mr. Griffith's sister-in-law after his death.—PUBLISHER.

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In the same letter occurs the following passage:—

“I take very great interest in the careers of my old pupils and am happy to see that many of them are occupying high and responsible positions in the service of the Government.”

Well may his grateful pupils idolize their past master.

When he retired from the service, his pupils, friends, and admirers raised a fund to perpetuate his memory. The late lamented Syed Mahmood, then in the zenith of his official eminence, was the life and soul of that movement. Mr. Mahmood was a pupil of Mr. Griffith before he went out to England as a State-scholar to complete his education in the University of Cambridge. He got a committee formed at Allahabad to raise subscriptions and himself contributed a handsome donation of Rs. 1,000. The committee issued an appeal to the people from which the following extract may now be quoted here:—

“The committee beg to invite all the old pupils and friends of the learned scholar, as also all admirers of the Sanskrit language, to come forward and co-operate with them in raising the requisite funds, in honour of a gentleman who during a long and distinguished career, while entertaining a deep but unostentatious sympathy with our countrymen, has nobly done all in his power to promote the study of our ancient Literature and Philosophy and by his excellent translation of the Ramayana and other poems has rendered the poetical imagination and moral refinements of the ancient East accessible to European readers unacquainted with the Oriental classics.

“It has been determined that the proposed memorial should take the form of an endowment for scholarships and medals for students pursuing the study of Sanskrit in the Benares College. The committee are of opinion that a sum of Rs. 10,000 be raised and invested in Government securities for this purpose.

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"It cannot be denied that at the present time our ancient classics like other ancient Literatures, having ceased to be the practical means of earning livelihood, require large and liberal endowments to keep them alive, so that while doing nothing but our bounden duty in honour of Mr. Griffith's eminent services, we shall in establishing the proposed Memorial have advanced the cause of encouraging the languages and learning of the Rishis and Munis of ancient India."

The pupils and friends of Mr. Griffith at Benares followed the example of the Allahabad committee and in response to this appeal, held a meeting at Benares. The subscriptions raised both at Allahabad and Benares were made over to the University of Allahabad, which accepted the trust of the Fund. In the Allahabad University calendar we read the following words :—

"The 'Griffith Memorial Fund' shall consist of Rs. 6,329-4-4, already realised for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a Memorial of Mr. R. T. H. Griffith, M. A., C. I. E., together with such further sum as may hereafter from time to time be collected for the said purpose."

It will be seen from the above that provision was made at the time to add further sums to the fund. That amount was raised at the time of Mr. Griffith's retirement from the service. Now is the occasion to pay our last debt to the illustrious deceased. The originally proposed amount of Rs. 10,000 was not raised. May not his pupils and admirers once more come forward and complete the commemoration of Ralph T. H. Griffith ?

ADITYARAM BHATTACHARYA.

I

FROM THE RAGHUVANSA

THE INVOCATION.¹

GREAT authors of the world, almighty Pair,
Listen, O listen to your servant's prayer.
Ye, who are knit, by Love's eternal tie,
Close as the links that word and sense ally,²
Hear, mighty Siva, gracious Uma, hear;³
Inspire my words, and let their sense be clear.
But, ah, the folly! Can I hope to guide
My frail bark safely o'er a boundless tide?
How men will mock the humble bard who sings
The ancient glories of the Sun-born Kings;

¹ This is a translation of the first ten stanzas of the first canto of the *Raghuvanśa*, or *Children of the Sun*, an epic poem by Kálidásá. The poem describes the exploits of a line of princes descended from the Sun, of whom Ráma was the boast and ornament. It has been translated into Latin by Stenzler, and into French by M. Hippolyte Fauche, and roughly thrown into English verse by the present translator, who does not, however, venture to publish it entire.

² The Mímánsá school of philosophy holds that a word and its meaning are eternally and inseparably connected.

³ Siva is the destroyer and regenerator, in the Indian Trinity. Umá is the daughter of Himálaya, the monarch of mountains. Her birth, beauty, love, penance, and marriage to Siva are described in Kálidásá's *Kumára-Sambhava*, or *Birth of the War-God*.

THE INVOCATION.

Like a young child with little hands outspread
 For fruit that glows above a giant's head.
 Yet by their lays the ancient Sons of Song¹
 Ope wide the gates that guard the glorious throng;
 As diamonds pierce the way for silk to string
 Rich pearls to deck the forehead of a king.
 Yes, I must dare: their noble deeds inspire,
 And warm my bosom with a poet's fire.
 Yes, I will sing, although the hope be vain
 To tell their glories in a worthy strain,
 Whose holy fame in earliest life was won,
 Who toiled unresting till the task was done.
 Far as the distant seas all owned their sway;
 High as the heaven none checked their lofty way.
 Constant in worship, prompt at Duty's call,
 Swift to reward the good, the bad appal,
 They gathered wealth, but gathered to bestow,
 And ruled their words that all their truth might know.
 In glory's quest they risked their noble lives;
 For love and children, married gentle wives.
 On holy lore in childhood's days intent,
 In love and joy their youthful prime they spent,
 As hermits, mused, in life's declining day,
 Then in Devotion dreamed their souls away.
 Come, hear my song, ye just, whose bosoms glow
 With Virtue's flame, and good from evil know.
 As fire assays the purity of gold,
 Judge ye the merit of these Chiefs of old.

¹ Alluding to Válmíki, author of the *Rámáyaṇa*, and others.

DILIPA.¹

FIRST Manu reigned, revered by every sage,
 First, like the mystic word in Scripture's page.²
 From him Dilipa traced his high descent,
 Of his pure race the purest ornament.
 Tall and broad-shouldered, stout and strong of limb,
 Valour incarnate fixed her throne in him.
 Matchless in beauty and heroic might,
 He towered like Meru in his lofty height.
 Meet for his godlike form, his noble mind
 To worthy studies in his youth inclined:
 Thence great designs inspired his generous soul,
 And mighty deeds with glory crowned the whole.
 With kingly virtues gentle yet severe,
 His subjects loved him, but they loved in fear.
 We love the pearls that lie 'neath ocean's waves,
 But dread the monsters in his gloomy caves,
 His loving people followed him, their guide,
 Nor turned from Manu's Law one step aside :

¹ The story of Dilipa is taken from the first, second, and part of the third cantos of the *Raghuvanśa*. The service of the cow will, as Professor H. H. Wilson has observed, "raise a smile upon the face of a European critic; but it is not unpoetical, and is intensely characteristic."

² The sacred syllable OM, prefacing the prayers and most of the writing of the Hindus.

And well they knew the tax they gladly paid
 For their advantage on the realm was laid.
 The bounteous sun delights to drink the lakes,
 But gives ten thousandfold the wealth he takes.
 Though troops in harness, ranged before his gate,
 Kept watch and ward, to swell his royal state,
 Yet all success, each triumph o'er the foe,
 Sprang from his wisdom or his ready bow.
 Prudent and calm, no tell-tale look revealed
 His secret thoughts, from every eye concealed.
 As, in the present life, our joys and woes
 Our former virtues and our crimes disclose,
 So, crowned with full success, events alone
 Proved his wise plans and made his counsels known.
 He honoured prudence, though he scorned to fear ;
 Youthful and strong, his virtue was sincere.
 He gathered riches, but he freely gave ;
 And pleasure blessed him, but could ne'er enslave.
 Contrasted virtues, ceasing to contest,
 Reigned, like fond sisters, in the prince's breast :
 With silence, wise ; with might, to anger slow ;
 A lavish monarch, but averse from show.
 Skilled in all lore, unharmed by pleasure's sway,
 He grew in years, but felt no power decay ;
 His people's father, guardian, friend, and guide :
 Their sires were others ; he was all beside.
 Thus, as he ruled his kingdom to maintain,
 And married wives a father's joy to gain,
 No selfish aims his noble spirit knew ;
 For Virtue formed his Gain and Pleasure too.

To gladden Heaven with gifts, the earth he drained ;
 On earth, in answer, gracious Indra rained :
 And thus to each a glorious boast was given,
 That Indra fostered earth, Dilipa, Heaven.
 What other prince this lofty praise could claim,
 That theft was only, in his realm, a name ?
 He honoured merit, though it graced a foe ;
 As sick men medicine's healing virtue know :
 While worthless friends were banished from his sight ;
 Like fingers poisoned by a serpent's bite.
 The good Creator made, for all to share,
 The earth and water, ether, fire and air ;
 Thus too he formed Dilipa, sent to bless,
 And find his own in others' happiness.
 He ruled the earth, from rival sceptre free,
 Like one vast city girdled by the sea.
 His Queen was daughter of the royal race
 Of Magadh,—lovely both in mind and face ;
 And, if his love was shared by girls besides,
 She and dear Fortune were his only brides.
 One boon was wanting to the monarch's joy ;
 His were all blessings save that best, a boy.
 Oh, how he longed, that childless King, to see
 A royal infant smiling on her knee,
 With his dear mother's eyes and face divine,
 A second self to ornament his line !
 One hope is left,—to seek the hermit's cell,
 And to his holy guide, Vasishtha, tell
 The longing of his soul : his ancient friend
 May give some counsel that his grief may end.

DILIPA.

To chosen ministers he trusts the weight
 Of all his royal sway and cares of state.
 To God, the great Creator, first he pays
 His humble worship, and for offspring prays ;
 Then, with the Queen, ascends his car, that tells
 His coming with the music of its bells.
 Have ye ne'er seen an elephant on high
 Borne on his cloudy chariot through the sky ?
 Have ye ne'er seen the flashing lightning ride,
 In sportive beauty, by the monster's side ?
 So seemed it now : so tall and strong was he ;
 So bright, so dazzling in her beauty, she.
 Few are their guards : a thousand trampling feet
 Would mar the quiet of the Saint's retreat ;
 But yet a circling host seems ever there ;
 For such divinity doth hedge that pair.
 Fresh on their cheeks the soft wind gently blows,
 Wafting the perfume of the woodland rose,
 And, heavy with the dust of rifled flowers,
 Waves the young branches of the Mango bowers.
 They hear the peacock's joyous cry,—his head
 Lifted in wonder at the coursers' tread.
 They watch the cranes in jubilant armies fly,
 Crowning, like flowers, the portals of the sky.
 From shady coverts by the way the deer
 Throw startled glances when the car is near ;
 Then, as they gaze, the king with pride compares
 His soft-eyed lady's tender look with theirs.
 A friendly wind attends them on their way,
 And augurs fortune ere the close of day :

No dust may fall upon the lady's dress,
 Stain her soft cheek, or dim one shining tress ;
 While, like her breath, sweet odours, fresh and cool,
 Steal from the lilies on the ruffled pool.
 Shining in beauty, robed in purest white,
 Like spring's best planet, and the Lord of Night,
 Through towns they pass, and many a hamlet fair,
 Founded and cherished by their royal care ;
 While white-robed priests attend, a holy train,
 Bless their beloved Prince, nor bless in vain.
 Nor do they scorn the gifts that shepherds bring,—
 Curds and new milk,—their tribute to the King,
 But kindly bid the happy peasants say
 What trees are those whose branches shade the way.
 With eager eyes he shows the wondering Queen
 The varied beauties of each woodland scene.
 Lost in delight, they reach the hermit's cot ;
 The journey's ended, but they mark it not.
 Evening is come, and, weary of the road,
 The horses rest before the Saint's abode,
 Crowded with hermits from the forests near,
 Seeking their grass, and fruit, and fuel here.
 There playful fawns their daily rice await,
 Thronging like children round the cottage gate ;
 And, in the garden, hermits' daughters o'er
 Each young tree's thirsty roots fresh water pour,
 Then stand aside, that timid birds may drink
 Their share, in quiet, ere the stream can sink.
 Quick from the car the King and Queen descend,
 And turn impatient towards their saintly friend.

The hermits welcome him with honours due,
 And kindly greet the royal lady, too ;
 Then lead them on where sits the ancient Sage,
 With the Great Matron, in the hermitage.¹
 Welcomed with gentle looks and words most sweet,
 The royal pair embrace their sacred feet.
 And then Vasishtha, after food and rest,
 Asks of his kingdom's weal his honoured guest.
 Cheered by his kindness, thus replies the King,
 The best of speakers, to his questioning :
 " Safe in thy love, I dread no living foe ;
 Thy friendship, Sage, protects from every woe ;
 Vain are my arrows, vain all earthly arms ;
 For thou hast blest me with thy mystic charms.
 Heaven hears thy voice : thou bidst the flame arise,
 To call down water from obedient skies.
 My people thrive, from grief and sickness free ;
 And all these blessings, Saint, we owe to thee.
 With thee, great lord, to counsel and befriend,
 The bliss thou sendest surely ne'er should end ;
 But Mother Earth, whom tears nor prayers have won
 Is still ungracious, and denies a son.
 She teems with jewels, and can, yet, withhold
 One treasure lovelier than gems and gold.
 The spirits of my fathers pine to see
 No hope of funeral offerings after me ;
 And, if they taste the drink my care supplies,
 They taste it heated with unceasing sighs.

¹ The Great Matron is Arundhatí, the wife of Vaśishṭha.

As Lokaloka's chain, with one side bright,¹
The other buried in eternal night,
Pure is my soul, through sacrifice and prayer ;
But all the rest is dark without an heir.
Thou knowest in the world to come our bliss
Spring from our Penance and good works in this ;
But he to whom a saviour son is given
Finds peace on earth and endless joy in Heaven.
Dear guide and guardian, thou would'st grieve to see
No golden blossoms on the favourite tree
Thou hast so often watered ; and, when I,
Thy friend, am childless, wilt thou check the sigh ?
Oh, aid me in my woe ! 'Tis ever thine
To bring good succour to our ancient line."
He spake. One instant, ere the Sage replies,
He fixes, in deep thought, his searching eyes ;
Still as some lake, at summer's noon, when deep
In sunless caverns lie the fish asleep.
He saw the cause with more than human ken ;
And thus the Sage addressed the King of men :
" Dost thou remember when, supremely blest,
Indra in Heaven received thee as his guest ?
Thence as thou camest, on thy homeward way,
The holy Cow beneath the shadow lay²
Of the Celestial Tree: thy thoughts were far
Far absent; as the thoughts of lovers are,

¹ A mountainous belt, surrounding the outermost of the seven seas, and bounding the world.

² Surabhi, the Cow of Plenty, able to grant every wish.

When absent from their loves : thy heedless eye
 Saw not, or marked not, as thou camest by.
 Then thus she cursed thee : ‘ As thine impious pride
 The reverence Kings should pay me has denied,
 Now shall no offspring bless thy royal line,
 Till thou hast paid all honours due to mine.’
 The curse she uttered failed to reach thine ear,
 So loud the voice of Ganga foaming near,—
 Celestial Ganga, boiling o'er with spray
 Dashed up by heavenly elephants at play.
 For this dishonour to the holy Cow,
 Unhonoured, childless, thou art suffering now.
 Woe and misfortune ever are their fate
 Who pay not reverence to the good and great.
 Now in the under-world she dwells to aid
 The dreary vow that old Prachetas made ;¹
 Then, in her stead, this Cow, her offspring, take,
 And pay her honour for her mother’s sake.
 Win, with all care, her love ; for she can pour
 All blessings on thee from her boundless store.”
 The hermit ceased. Quick from the grove she came,
 Young Nandini, the cow that blessed the flame
 Of sacrificial worship. Dusky red
 Was her fair body ; on her sacred head
 A crescent lock of curling silvery hair
 Shone like the young moon in the evening air.
 As, with maternal love, her calf she viewed,
 Full streams of holy milk the ground bedewed ;

¹ See the *Mahábhárata*, Vol. I., p. 32 (Calcutta edition).

While the dust raised beneath her sacred feet
 Fell on the monarch's head with influence sweet.
 "Rejoice!" the hermit cried; "thy bliss is near:
 Her name scarce uttered, see! the Cow is here.
 Now feed on fruit, and what the wood supplies,
 And watch her every step with careful eyes:
 By constant toil is sacred lore attained;
 So shall her love by ceaseless care be gained.
 Watch all her movements, be her actions thine;
 Walk when she walks, and, when she rests, recline;
 And let thy lady, at the break of day,
 Far as the sacred grove protect her way.
 Then go, and prosper. Blessed shalt thou be,
 And among fathers none shall equal thee."
 The King and Queen before the hermit bent,
 And to his bidding gave glad consent;
 Then sought the leafy lodging, where they found
 Their bed of sweet grass heaped upon the ground.
 Ere yet with early dawn the sky was red,
 The anxious couple left their humble bed.
 She culled fresh garlands for the holy Cow,
 And poured sweet perfumes o'er her sacred brow.
 Then in her step that royal matron trod;
 As the Law follows close the word of God.
 Far as the forest's darksome edge she went,
 Then left her husband on his charge intent.
 Not less his care than if that Cow had been
 Earth with her teeming oceans, Earth the Queen.
 No servants followed; for their own strong arm
 Guards Manu's children from all scathe and harm.

Close to the Cow, he kept the flies away,
 Fed her with grass and many a tender spray.
 To win her love, he gently stroked her head,
 Checked not her steps, but followed where she led.
 With her he stood, with her he sought repose,
 Drank when she drank, and, when she moved, arose.
 When from his brow no tell-tale oozings flow,
 The forest elephant's wild heat to show,
 Ye mark his fury—as he rushes by—
 In the red lightning of his troubled eye.
 Thus, when his kingly state was laid aside,
 His royal robes and ornaments of pride,
 Ye could not see Dilipa, but to swear
 A king indeed, a glorious king, was there.
 As he moved onwards, beautiful and strong,
 The glad birds hailed him with their gayest song,
 And, shaken by the breeze, young creepers shed
 A coronet of flowers upon his head.
 From shady covert, as he passed, the deer
 Gazed on the gentle king, and knew no fear;
 While, as the breezes filled the tuneful reeds,
 He heard the Wood-Sylphs laud his glorious deeds.
 When faint and sinking 'neath the glare of day,
 A gentle zephyr round his head would play,
 And, stealing dew-drops from the mountain springs,
 Waft cooling odours on its balmy wings.
 Peace reigned around him as the monarch came;
 Unquenched by showers, the forest ceased to flame;
 The trees glowed brighter with their fruits of gold,
 The lion slew not, and the fawn was bold.

Now o'er the woods the shades of evening fell :
The herd of boars forsook the marshy dell ;
His leafy home the weary peacock eyed ;
And trooping deer to grassy coverts hied.
Then, faint with watching for her lord, the dame
Forth from the hermitage, to meet him, came,
And feasted on his face with eyes that ne'er
Could quench their growing thirst with gazing there.
In fairest beauty stood the Cow between
The splendid monarch and the gentle queen ;
As the soft glory of the evening's light
With purest lustre parts the day and night.
With reverent steps, the lady round her passed,
And from a bowl parched grain in worship cast ;
Then paid due honours to her spacious brow,—
That door to lead the lady to her vow.
Though yearning for her young, the Cow stood still,
Delighted with the worship, while a thrill
Of hopeful joy ran through each royal breast :
Such marks of favour show their vow is blest.
The King, with hands whose might no foe could meet,
Gently embraced his ancient Teacher's feet,
Performed the evening rites, and turned to pay
The holy Cow fresh homage where she lay.
His thoughtful care her every want supplied ;
He placed a lamp and fodder by her side,
And, when she lay upon her grassy bed,
He on his lady's breast reposed his head.
When the Cow slept, he bade his eyelids close ;
When she had risen, from his couch arose ;

Thus toiling still, upon his vow intent,
Thrice seven long days the anxious monarch spent.

There was a grass-hid cavern, dark and deep,
Where Ganga thunders down Himálaya's steep :
The Cow had entered ; but her guardian still
Looked, lost in wonder, on the glorious hill,
Nor feared for her : no beast would dare to spring,
Even in thought, on so divine a thing.
Suddenly, lurking in the cavern's shade,
A lion seized her ; and her cries for aid
Drew the King's wondering eyes. With grief and awe,
The monster standing o'er the Cow he saw ;
Like a red Ladhra tree whose limbs surround
The ore-rich summit of a lofty mound.
He seized an arrow, and his bright nails shed
O'er its white feathers gleams of rosy red.
Why doth he linger ? What resistless charm
Checks his bold hand, and binds his eager arm ?
He stood as in a picture ; and his bow
Availed him nothing, though so near the foe.
High rose his fury : but he raged in vain ;
Like a mad snake that magic herbs restrain.

A greater marvel, when, with voice of man,
The lion, holding still his prey, began :
“ Cease to contend. Thine arrow, launched at me,
Though erring never, now in vain would be.
The tree may fall beneath the tempest's force ;
But the firm-rooted hill resists its course.

For know, the servant of the Lord Most High
 Who wears at will eight various forms,¹ am I ;
 And, when his dusky Bull he deigns to ride,
 He sets his foot upon my honoured side.
 Look yonder, King. Before thee stands a Pine,
 Loved like a daughter by my Lord divine :
 In its first youth 't was gentle Uma's joy
 To nurse it, even as she nursed her boy ;
 And, when an elephant once hurt her tree,
 She mourned for it, as she would mourn to see
 Her own young War-God wounded by the bows
 Of Heaven's fierce enemies, his demon foes.
 Since then, obedient to my Lord's command,
 In lion's form, to guard this tree, I stand,
 To scare wild elephants, and feed on deer
 That, tempted by the herbage, wander near.
 Now, sweet as to the Gods' tremendous foe²
 The streams of Amrit from the Moon that flow,
 In her appointed hour, my destined prey,
 This Cow has come to be my feast to-day.
 Return, O King, return. The Saint can claim
 No further duty from thee. Feel no shame :
 For loss of treasures that no might can save
 Stains not the glory of the good and brave."
 The King no more his humbled power disdained ;
 For Siva's might, he knew, his arm restrained,—

¹ These eight forms are earth, water, fire, air, ether, the sun, the moon, and the offerer of the Soma-juice.

² The fiend Ráhu, who causes eclipses by attempting to swallow the sun and the moon.

His conquering arm : for ne'er had mortal foe
 Stayed the fierce tempest of his vengeful bow ;
 And even Indra, with hand raised high,
 To launch his bolt, was checked by Siva's eye.
 " Foolish," he said, " my words may seem to be
 Yet will I speak ; for minds are known to thee.
 That God is ever by my soul adored,
 Maker, Preserver, and Destroying Lord :
 But how can I, unblamed, my charge neglect,—
 This helpless creature whom the saints respect ?
 Hear, King of Beasts, my prayer, and, if thou wilt,
 Feed on my blood, but let not her's be spilt.
 Her calf will mourn her at the hour of eve :
 Then take my life ; the Cow uninjured leave."
 The lion, with a smile, his answer gave,
 His bright teeth flashing through the murky cave :
 " Ay, mad I deem thee, monarch, to resign
 Thy youth, thy life, and that fair form of thine,
 And universal empire ;—these to give,
 All these for ever, that a cow may live.
 Dost thou love creatures ? While thy death, O King,
 To this one cow a longer life will bring,
 Blest by thy reign a thousand homes would be ;
 For all thy people look to only thee.
 Live, and be happy. Power and might bestow
 Joy like a God's and make a Heaven below.
 But, if thou tremblest at thy master's ire,
 And fearest anger that consumes like fire,
 Instead of her, ten thousand others give,
 With teeming udders, that thy soul may live."

The lion ceased. The mountain's hollow side
 Echoed his counsel ere the Prince replied:
 " What ! shall a King forsake—unkingly deed—
 The helpless suppliant in her hour of need ?
 Shall I disgrace a monarch's proudest name,
 And barter glory for a life of shame ?
 How can the gift of other cows assuage
 The just resentment of the holy Sage ?
 For she is daughter of a race divine,
 Subdued by Siva's power, and not by thine.
 Then for her life let mine a ransom be :
 Feed on my flesh ; but let the Cow go free.
 Still, King of Beasts, thy hunger will be stayed,
 Still will the Saint enjoy her holy aid :
 And thou, another's thrall, dost surely know—
 E'en as thy care of this young pine may show—
 That servants heedless of their duty must
 Bow down their heads in shame for broken trust.
 Then, oh, have mercy, and mine honour spare !
 A hero's body claims no hero's care.
 Have we not parleyed in the wood to-day ?
 And friendship springs from parley, sages say.
 Again I pray thee, thrall of Siva, take
 This my one offer, for our friendship's sake."

The lion yielded ; and Dilipa cast
 His arms upon the earth : the spell at last
 Had left him free : then, fixing on the ground
 His calm eyes, waited for the monster's bound.
 But suddenly there came a rain of flowers
 Poured down upon him by the Heavenly Powers,

And, sweet as Amrit, came a voice that said
 "Arise, dear son!" He raised, in joy, his head,
 And saw no lion, but that Cow, as mild
 As a fond mother bending o'er her child.
 "Now have I proved thy love," she cried, "dear son
 That lion was a phantom: thou hast done
 Thy duty nobly; for thou didst not know
 That Death himself can never work me woe.
 Now choose a boon; for I have boundless power
 On those I love all precious gifts to shower."
 He raised his hands,—those warlike hands whose might
 Had won a hero's fame in many a fight,
 And begged a son, to propagate his line,—
 A son, whose glory should for ever shine.
 "Thy prayer is granted," said the Cow; "but drain
 My milky store, and drink, thy wish to gain."
 "Nay, when that store has fed thy calf," he cried,
 "And all that's needed for the rites supplied,
 Then, at the Saint's command, I'll drink the rest,
 And deem the draught among all draughts the best."
 Pleased with his words, nor with her wanderings faint,
 She turned, and reached the dwelling of the Saint.
 To him Dilipa, with o'erflowing heart,
 The joyful tidings hastened to impart;
 And, though the Queen had read his looks aright,
 He told her all again with new delight.
 Then, at the bidding of the Saint, he quaffed
 Of Nandini's pure milk a precious draught,
 As though, with thirst that rises from the soul,
 He drank eternal glory from the bowl..

With many a blessing, at the dawn of day
 The guests were sped upon their homeward way,
 After due honour to the holy flame,
 To old Vasishtha, and his gentle dame.
 Swift towards their home the eager horses bound ;
 The car makes music o'er the grassy ground :
 They reach the city, where the people wait,
 Longing to meet their monarch, at the gate.
 Dim are his eyes, his cheek is pale, his brow
 Still bears deep traces of his weary vow.
 As on the pale new moon we bend' our eyes,
 Again appearing in the evening skies,
 So gazed the crowds, and could not gaze their fill,
 On him so worn, so thin, so lovely still.
 With loud acclaim their honoured King they greet,
 While flags by thousands wave in every street.
 He comes, he comes ! Now will his arm again
 The mighty burthen of the world sustain,
 Strong as the King of Serpents that upholds¹
 Earth resting firmly on his endless folds.
 Not mine to tell how hopeful months flew by,
 While day by day Dilipa's joy grew high.
 No tongue may say how lovely flowers of earth
 At nature's bidding gently spring to birth.
 Blest was the hour, and all the world was gay,
 When the sweet infant saw the light of day :
 A rosy glow suffused the brightening sky ;
 A pleasant breeze came breathing softly by ;

¹ Vāsuki.

DILIPA.

20

High in the heavens five brilliant planets shone,
 Blessing the child they looked so kindly on ;
 And joyful Nature promised endless bliss ;
 For the world triumphs in a babe like this.
 There was a glory round the infant's head,
 That poured strange lustre o'er his mother's bed ;
 And e'en the unlit torches seemed to shine,
 As in a picture, with that light divine.
 What worthy guerdon shall the maiden claim
 Who hailed Dilipa by a father's name ?
 Save but the royal emblems, she may take
 All he possesses, for her tidings' sake.
 He fed upon the infant's face with eyes
 Still as a lotus when no winds arise ;
 Nor could he, gazing on his child, control
 The tide of rapture that o'erflowed his soul ;
 As Ocean ne'er can check his billows' swell,¹
 When shines the full moon whom he loves so well.
 Though bright the jewel in the parent hill,
 The workman's art adds lustre brighter still.
 Fair was that child ; but, when all rites were done,
 Still greater glory clothed Dilipa's son.
 Through the wide palace of the joyful King
 Fair girls are dancing, song and music ring ;
 While, in the skies, the Gods the rapture share,
 And the glad music sounds in concert there.

¹ At the *Churning of the Ocean*, told in the *Mahábhárata* (see *Specimens of Old Indian Poetry*), the moon, with other buried treasures, was recovered from the sea, and is, therefore, regarded, by him, with parental love.

No captive wept within the King's domains,
 For that auspicious day had loosed his chains :
 Freed is he only,—doomed no more to pine
 ' Neath the great debt he owed his fathers' line.
 Like some young God's that baby's face was fair ;
 And happy as the Gods, that mortal pair.
 Sachi and Indra, in their home above,
 Were not more blest in their Jayanta's love ;
 Not Uma, when her new-born darling smiled ;
 Not Siva, joying in his warrior-child.
 True as the Love-birds, in whose faithful breast,
 Save of their partner, not a thought can rest,
 Thus had they lived; and now this infant came
 To share their love, and yet increase the flame.
 What joy thrilled through him, when the father heard
 His dear boy lisping forth his earliest word,
 And saw him, clinging to the nurse's hand,
 Salute his sire, and, trembling, try to stand !
 And, when he held his baby to his breast,
 And loving kisses on his lips impressed,
 He learnt, at length, that inexpressive joy
 None but a father knows who clasps his own dear boy.
 Now time flew by. He wore the sacred cord;¹
 And holy men his mind with wisdom stored ;
 Till, as the Sun-God, in his car on high,
 Urges his storm-fleet coursers through the sky,

¹ Investiture with the sacred cord, which is the outward sign of regeneration, is a most important ceremony in the life of young Hindus of the first, second, and third classes, who are, hence, called *Twice-born*.

He passed triumphant through the four-fold lore,¹
 That mighty sea, from shore to distant shore.
 In early manhood's prime, his father's care
 Gained him the hands of maidens young and fair,—
 Then fairer far than ever, each dear grace
 Stealing new beauty from their lover's face;
 Like Daksha's daughters,² whom the Lord of Night
 Dowers with a portion of his own sweet light.
 Soon as Dilipa saw his heir was fit,
 In sense and learning, by his side to sit,
 He made him partner of his royal throne,
 And shared the weight he long had borne alone.
 As Beauty seeks the opening lotus-bud,
 And quits the flower that long has decked the flood;
 So Fortune left the father for the son,
 And lived his consort by his virtues won.
 Who can resist the conquering flame's career,
 Whirled by the Wind, his eager charioteer?
 Check the wild elephant with maddened eye,
 Or the Sun's glory in a cloudless sky?
 And where the monarch that will dare to fight,
 When such a son assists his father's might?
 In glory thus Dilipa's days flew by,
 Till, longing only for his home on high,
 Mindful of duties by the Scriptures taught,
 From worldly cares he drew his every thought,

¹ Metaphysics, scripture, useful arts, and polity.

² Daksha had sixty daughters, of whom twenty-seven are the nymphs who form the lunar asterisms, and are the wives of the Moon.

DILIPA.

Resigned the white umbrella to his heir,
And all the signs of sovereign rule to bear;
Then sought a tranquil dwelling, with his Queen,
Where Hermits live beneath their leafy screen:
For such, through ages, in their life's decline,
Is the good custom of the Sun-born line.

RAGHU.¹

Watched by young nobles, in the Prince's charge,
 The sacred steeds have safely roamed at large ;
 None dared to check their course, where'er they sped,
 And nine and ninety now have duly bled.
 But Indra, fearing for his shaken throne,
 Jealous of rites he ever deemed his own,
 Came down in fury from his home, the skies,
 Veiling his glorious form from human eyes,
 And from the keepers stole away the steed,
 Loosed by the Priest, where'er he chose, to feed.
 In sad surprise the baffled guardians stood,
 But straight, approaching from the neighbouring wood,
 The Cow, the holy Cow, to aid them came,
 And cheered their bosoms, for they knew her fame.
 Quick on his eyes young Raghu, honoured lord,
 Her holy milk that streamed to help them, poured ;
 And sights not given to the eyes of men
 Lay all disclosed before his piercing ken.
 He saw the God whose furious bolt of yore
 From their rough sides the mountains' pinions tore,
 Urging away, away in rapid course,
 Tied to his car, the consecrated horse.
 He saw 'twas Indra by his coursers' hue,
 His thousand eyes that never close, he knew ;

¹ From the *Raghuvansa* Canto III. 38.

Then, with a voice that made the welkin ring,
 The fearless youth addressed the heavenly king :
 " Lord of the Gods, men say thou holdest dear
 The gifts and sacrifice we offer here.
 Then why, O Indra, doth thy soul delight
 To check my father in this holy rite ?
 Lord of the Worlds, thy fury should oppose
 Not kings the friends of worship, but its foes.
 For if thou check the offerings of the just,
 The holy Law is trampled in the dust.
 Then listen, Indra, and release the steed
 My father destines in the rite to bleed :
 For holy guides, who show the righteous way,
 From virtue's path themselves will never stray."
 His fearless words fill Indra with surprise ;
 He turns his chariot back, and thus replies :—
 " True are thy words, O royal youth, but know
 That Glory's lovers guard it from the foe :
 And by this rite thy father seeks to shine
 In dazzling splendour that shall dim e'en mine.
 As one Chief Spirit, Vishnu is adored,
 And Siva worshipt as the one Great Lord ;
 So in this honour none with me may vie :
 Lord of the hundred Slaughtered Steeds am I.
 Therefore this courser that should bleed to-day,
 Like ancient Kapil will I drive away.
 Then cease thy labour, be not over-bold,
 Nor share the fate of Sagar's sons of old!"
 Then cried the Prince, unconscious he of fear :
 " Prepare for battle if thou wilt not hear !

Low on this plain must vanquished Raghu bleed
 Ere thou in triumph bear away the steed."

He spoke : an arrow from his side he took,
 While fair as Siva's was the hero's look.
 Straight to the mark the golden arrow sped,
 And fixed in Indra's heart its glittering head.
 The wounded God his bow in anger bent,
 Bright as that arch that spans the firmament.
 Through Raghu's bosom pierced the vengeful shaft
 And drank of human blood its first sweet draught
 For in the furious battles waged before
 Its thirst was quenched with hideous demons' gore.
 Again the hero youth his bowstring drew,
 Swift to the mark again his arrow flew,
 To Indra's arm, which blows upon the brow
 Of his huge elephant had hardened, now
 Still glittering with the remnant of the dyes
 That glowed in beauty over Sachi's eyes.
 A second, feathered from the peacock's wing,
 Laid low the banner of the heavenly king,
 Who raged as though the foeman's hand had torn
 The shining locks that Fortune's head adorn.
 Furious and fast the battle waged, and through
 The air, like winged snakes, their arrows flew,
 Hissing from side to side ; while, standing near,
 Both Gods and men beheld that sight of fear.
 Though Indra sent his arrows forth like rain,
 Still on that wondrous youth they beat in vain :
 Not all the streams the labouring cloud can fling
 Will dim the glory of the lightning's wing.

A shaft, with crescent head, from Raghu's bow
 Severed the string of his celestial foe,
 That parted with a sound like ocean's roar
 When his waves dash upon a rocky shore.
 Aside, in rage, the useless bow he threw,
 Then from his hand his bolt of terror flew :
 That flaming bolt that tamed the mountains' pride,
 And rent the pinion from each rugged side.
 Fiercely it smote, and from the eyes of all
 Fell bitter tears to see their hero fall ;
 But in a moment rose triumphant cries,
 As, shaking off the pain, they saw him rise.
 His dauntless spirit Indra saw with joy,
 And loved the valour of the royal boy.
 "Cease, cease!" he cried, "Well-pleased am I to see
 The bolt that conquered mountains braved by thee.
 No longer fight, but, for thy valour's meed,
 Ask any boon thou wilt except the steed."
 With gentle words the royal youth replied,
 The half-drawn shaft replacing by his side ;
 While the long gilded reed one moment threw
 O'er the young archer's hand a glittering hue :
 "If, King of Gods, it be thy changeless will
 To slight my prayer, and keep the courser still ;
 Yet let my father through thy favour gain
 All he might hope for if the steed were slain.
 And, since each rite has now been duly done,
 Grant that the meed of all his toil be won.
 And, royal Indra, grant again this prayer,
 And let thy herald to my father bear

The joyful tidings, for no man within
 His private halls may entrance lightly win." "
 His willing promise Indra gave, and then
 Turned his fleet horses to the east again.
 And Raghu bent, unconquered, not elate,
 His steps in silence to the city gate.
 Dilipa welcomed, with a father's pride,
 Forewarned of all, the hero to his side ;
 And pressed, with fingers trembling with delight,
 Those limbs the thunder-bolt had marked in fight.
 Thus then the mighty King, ere life's decline,
 Performed his glorious ninety rites and nine ;
 And, ever longing for his rest on high,
 Reared a proud ladder up from earth to sky.
 Mindful of duties by the Scriptures taught,
 From worldly cares he drew his every thought ;
 Resigned the white umbrella to his heir,
 And all the signs of sovereign rule, to wear.
 Then sought a tranquil dwelling with his Queen,
 Where Hermits live beneath their leafy screen ;
 For such, through ages, in their years' decline,
 Is the good custom of Ikshwaku's line.

RAGHU'S CAMPAIGN.¹

Crowned with the glory of his aged sire
Now shone King Raghu, like the burning fire
That glows at evening with a brighter ray
Caught from the splendour of the dying day.
All neighbouring Chiefs were jealous of his fame ;
Their breasts no longer checked the stifled flame ;
The while his people, with their hearts elate,
Joyed in their monarch and his royal state,
As though they looked on Indra's flag unfurled
To scatter blessings o'er a grateful world.
In one short day the hero made his own
Both his foes' kingdoms, and his father's throne.
Fortune herself, sweet Goddess, all unseen,
Held o'er his sacred head her lotus screen,
And Poesy in minstrels' form stood by,
Swept the wild strings, and raised his triumph high.
What though the earth, since ancient Manu's reign,
Was wooed by every king, nor wooed in vain ;
She came a bride, with fresh unrifled charms,
A pure young virgin, to her Raghu's arms.
Gentle yet firm, he won each heart and mind,
Like the calm breathing of the soft south wind.
None wept the father when he saw the heir :
Who mourns the blossom when the fruit is fair ?

¹ From the *Raghuvanśa*, Canto IV.

The holy men who virtue's lessons taught,
 In his pure life their best example sought,
 That showed his people what to seek or shun ;
 All his deeds, virtue,—vice, all left undone.
 A new creation rose beneath his sway ;
 Each sense was keener, and all nature gay.
 The moon is worshipped for his gentle gleam,
 The God of Day, for his bright fostering beam ;
 And equal glory well might Raghu claim,—
 All virtues his that gild a monarch's name.
 Though keen the vision of his long bright eyes,
 He gained a clearer sight from lore that lies
 Wrapt in the holy volume, where the sage
 Has stored the wisdom of laborious age.
 Firm was the Prince upon his father's seat
 When autumn came with kingly glory sweet ;
 A rich red lotus screened his royal head,—
 For banners, flowery grass its tufts outspread.
 Fair is that Autumn-God, but all confess
 That fairer still is Raghu's loveliness.
 O'er the wide earth, down Heaven's unclouded way,
 Flash forth the glories of the Lord of Day ;
 With speed scarce slower, glory scarce less bright,
 From land to land flew Raghu's conquering might.
 His shining bow aside has Indra thrown ;
 And Raghu grasps, for glorious war, his own ;
 For each in turn triumphant bends his bow,
 One in the Heavens above, and one below.
 Dear as the broad moon in the autumn skies
 Was his loved presence to his people's eyes,

Who saw his glory in the planets shine,
 And traced his splendour in the jubilant line
 Of white swans in their airy flight o'erhead,
 And sparkling lakes where lotuses are spread ;
 While maidens in the shadowing sugarcane
 Raised high, to hymn their Lord, the joyous strain,
 Watching the crop the while, and loved to praise
 His manly virtues e'en from childhood's days.
 Calm grew the Ocean when Agastya rose ;
 The name of Raghu awed his trembling foes ;
 For maddened bulls, that rend the river's side,
 With his most gentle might but feebly vied.
 His elephants that smelt the tainted breeze,
 And rival odours of the Seven-leaf trees,
 Provoked to fury by the daring flowers
 Poured their own nectar forth in seven-fold showers.
 Scarce was he ready for the sword and shield
 When autumn called him to the battle-field,—
 War's proper season, when the Rains are o'er,
 When roads are dry, and torrents foam no more.
 Soon as the day to bless the chargers came,
 The warrior's holy festival, the flame
 Turned to the right, and with a ruddy hand
 Gave him full triumph o'er each distant land.
 Then when his kingdom was secured, and all
 His city fortified with tower and wall,
 His hosts he marshalled, his broad flag outspread,
 And to subdue the world his army led.
 Forth as he rode, the city matrons poured
 The sacred grain upon their mighty lord,

Thick as the drops on Vishnu's brow that fell
When Mandara made the milky Ocean swell.
First to the East the hero takes his way,
His foemen trembling as his banners play.
Thick clouds of dust beneath his chariots rise,
Till dark as earth appear the changing skies;
While elephants, like autumn clouds in girth,
Make like to rainy skies the labouring earth.
Parted in four that mighty host appears :
In front, the gleaming of ten thousand spears ;
Next come the tumult and the din, and then
The cars and horse, the elephants and men.
He marked his progress with a mighty hand ;
The fountain gushed amid the thirsty sand ;
The tangled forest harboured beasts no more,
And foaming floods the freighted vessel bore.
He led his army toward the Eastern Sea,
An endless stream of men, and seemed to be
A new Bhagirath, ancient Sage, who led
The wandering Ganga down from Siva's head.
As strews some elephant, in headlong wrath,
With many a tree upturn, his forest path,
He marked with plundered wealth his onward way,
And humbled princes owned the conqueror's sway.
Through all the East he passed, from land to land,
And reached, triumphant, Ocean's palmy strand.
Like an unsparing torrent on he went,
And low, like reeds, the lords of Suhma bent.
Then fell the islets washed by Ganga's wave,
Nor could their ships the hosts of Banga save ;

Like rice they bowed them, and, again restored,
 Before his feet rich fruit for tribute poured.
 Nor could thy waters, Kapisa, delay
 The King who bridged with elephants his way.
 Thence to Kalinga's realm the victor rode ;
 His onward path the chiefs of Utkal showed.
 As fierce wild elephants are forced to kneel
 Bending obedient to the driver's steel,
 Mahendra's towering brow and haughty crest
 The mighty victor's awful strength confessed.
 Kalinga's chieftain with his warlike train
 Stood like an ancient hill prepared to rain
 Thick stones on Indra pressing on to smite
 From his rough sides the wings that helped his flight,
 Undaunted Raghu bore the arrowy shower
 Like holy water in auspicious hour,
 And, when proud victory his arms had crowned,
 His men with betel leaves adorned the ground,
 And lay at ease triumphant, drinking up
 Their foemen's glory in the brimming cup.
 The Chief was captive of his sword and bow,
 But Raghu's mercy bade him freely go ;
 No wealth he sought, but warred in honour's name,
 So spared his land but spoiled his warlike fame.
 Careless of conquest, o'er the palmy strand
 He led his army to Agastya's land.
 His soldiers resting by Kaveri's wave
 The night to love and mirth and feasting gave,
 While the fair river sought the jealous sea
 Stained like a partner of their revelry.

Now, bent on triumph, with his chosen train
 He seized near Malaya's feet the spacious plain
 Where round the spicy trees doves ever fly.
 Here, while his horses gallop swiftly by,
 The pollen, shaken from the odorous boughs,
 Falls on his elephants' sweet-streaming brows.
 Here, in this southern land, though men can bear
 The sunbeams striking in their noon-tide glare,
 The Pandya princes sank before the sight
 Of Raghu coming in his conquering might.
 The fairest pearls that lay beneath the wave
 Where Tamraparni meets the sea, they gave,
 As 'twere their own beloved glory stored,
 To give new honour to their sovereign lord.
 On two fair hills, the country's lovely breasts,
 Scented with sandal-wood, his army rests,
 Then reaches Sahya's chain whose naked side
 Boasts not the garment of the veiling tide.
 The dames of Kerala in wild alarm
 Cast off their earrings and each borrowed charm,
 And on their tresses, once with sandal sweet,
 Lay the dust flying 'neath the soldiers' feet.
 Refreshing breezes from the woody shore
 Of Murala came gently, breathing o'er
 The march-worn hero's weary limbs, and lent
 Sweet perfume for his arms, the jasmine's scent.
 Loud was the rustling of the Betel trees,
 Stirred to quick motion by the morning breeze,
 But louder, as the war-steeds paced along,
 Rattled the harness of the mail-clad throng.

Trikuta's mountain, with his triple crest,
 Showed lasting tokens of his might imprest.
 The hero's elephants his sides had rent,
 And left him a triumphal monument.
 By knowledge of the Truth, the holy sage
 Controls his foes, the senses, and their rage ;
 True to the Law thus Raghu marched by land
 To Parasika with his conquering band.
 He saw, indignant, to the lotus eyes
 Of Yavan dames the wine-cup's frenzy rise,
 Angry as when some early cloud looks down
 On opening lotuses with jealous frown.
 Mad was the onset of the western horse,
 And wild the fury of the conqueror's force ;
 No warrior saw—so thick the dust—his foe,
 But marked him by the twanging of his bow.
 Then Raghu's archers shot their keen shafts well ;
 The bearded head of many a soldier fell,
 And covered closely all the battle-ground
 Like heaps of honey that the bees surround.
 The rest, dismayed, aside their helmet threw,
 And gained the grace for which they bent to sue ;
 For the fierce anger that the mighty feel
 Turns to soft pity when the suppliants kneel.
 Stretched on the grass, with costly skins outspread,
 Where leafy vines their branches laced o'erhead,
 The weary victors at the close of day
 Chased with the goblet all their cares away.
 Then to the north he led his conquering train
 Where proud Kuvera rules his rich domain ;

Fierce as the thirsty sun that drinks the flood,
 He with his shafts will drain his foemen's blood.
 Then bathed his weary steeds in Sindhu's tide
 The crest all dropping and the foam-flecked side,
 Then stamped in joy, and from their shoulders flung
 The chains of golden flowers that round them hung.
 Pale grew the cheek of every Huna dame,
 Trembling in wild alarm at Raghu's name,
 Had she not seen her warrior husband yield
 To the young conqueror on the fatal field ?
 Before his might Kamboja's chieftains fled,
 And bent in humble fear the suppliant head ;
 By him subdued, they forced their pride to bring
 Coursers and gold as gifts to Kosal's King.
 Borne by those steeds he climbed Himalaya's hill,
 Whose crest now clothed with dust rose loftier still.
 He told his warriors how the lions, brave
 E'en as themselves, couched in the mountain cave,
 Feared not the din as all the host went by,
 But gazed unmoving, with untroubled eye.
 Cold on his head the mountain breezes blew,
 Shaking the birches as they whistled through ;
 Waking the reeds to song, and on their wings
 Wafting cool drops from Ganga's distant springs.
 His soldiers rested 'neath the leafy screen,
 Lying on mossy rocks, where deer had been
 And left them sweet with musk. For him by night
 Herbs, nature's torches, poured their trembling light,
 Casting their radiance on the chains that tied
 His weary elephants their trees beside.

RAGHU'S CAMPAIGN.

37

How woodmen marvelled when they saw the mark
Left by those chains upon the pine-tree's bark !
Fierce was the battle with the mountaineers
Armed with their bows and arrows, stones and spears,
The thick sparks flying as they met. Then ceased,
Slain by his arrows, from the mirth and feast
The mountain revellers, and minstrel bands,
That walked as demi-gods those lofty lands,
Were taught the hero's victories to sing,
And each hill-tribe brought tribute to the King ;
And thus young Raghu's might Himalaya knew,
And bared his treasures to the conqueror's view.
Down from the mountain-top the hero came,
Leaving its crest crowned with immortal fame,
Neglected Kailas mourning his disgrace,
Uptorn by Ravan from his ancient base.
As o'er Lauhitya's flood the army poured,
Trembled in wild alarm Pragjotis' lord ;
E'en as his saplings shook, too weak to bear
The chains of elephants assembled there.
The dust that flew before the victor's car
Frightened the monarch as it rose afar ;
The sun grew dark and gloomy, and on high
A tempest gathered in the rainless sky.
He saw and yielded : Raghu's power confessed,
And gave his youthful conqueror the best
Of Kamarupa's elephants, whose might
Had vanquished neighbouring kings in many a fight.
Thus when all princes owned the conqueror's sway,
He turned his chariot on his homeward way,

Letting the dust, beneath his wheels that rose,
 Fall on the diadems of humbled foes.
 Then in that solemn sacrifice, ordained
 For boundless triumph o'er the nations gained,
 He shared among the Priests his treasured store ;
 For righteous men are like the clouds that pour
 The borrowed waters down in gentle rain,
 And gather tribute but to give again.
 The rite was ended, and the royal chief
 Gave worthy honours to assuage the grief
 Of those who mourned the fallen. To the brave,
 Victorious warriors of his host he gave
 Long leave, and bade them to their homes repair,
 And soothe the longing dames left pining there.
 Before his royal feet, well marked with lines
 That told of conquest, and all happy signs,
 The joyful soldiers bowed them ere they went,
 Staining them yellow, as their heads they bent,
 With fragrant dust and honey falling down
 From the fair blossoms in each soldier's crown.

AJA¹

“WAKE, Aja, wake! the night is fled:
 Come, rouse thee while the morn is red.
 Remember, the decrees of fate
 Divide the world’s tremendous weight :
 One half thy father wakes to bear ;
 Then rouse thee, and support thy share.
 The Moon, now fading fast away,²
 Has lost the splendour of his ray,—
 That silver light that made him shine
 With loveliness so like to thine,
 That, in the night but newly past,
 When chains of slumber held thee fast,
 His charms won Beauty’s self to be
 Forgetful of her love of thee.
 Awake, and let thy friends compare
 Two lovely sights, exceeding fair:
 That dark eye, where the pupil bright
 Is dancing in its depth of light,
 And the fresh lotus, where the wing
 Of the wild bee is quivering.
 The morning breeze is up, and now
 Is stealing blossoms from the bough,

¹ The story of Aja, as here translated, is taken from the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth cantos of the *Rughuvanśa*.

² It must be remembered that, in India, the moon is a God.

And rifling every lily, where
 He finds one opening to the air.
 But all in vain: the breeze may steal
 The rarest sweets that flowers conceal:
 All herbs that grow can ne'er combine
 To make his breath as sweet as thine.
 No purer pearls could ever gem
 A royal lady's diadem,
 Than those bright drops of beaded dew
 That shine in buds of crimson hue:
 But yet their gleams can ne'er eclipse
 The smiles that play upon thy lips,
 Whene'er, those coral lines between,
 Thy brighter pearls of teeth are seen.
 Before the Sun sends forth his might,
 The herald Dawn dispels the night:
 So, when, the bravest of thy race,
 Thou fightest in the foremost place,
 Thy father need not grasp the brand,
 With foemen's blood to stain his hand.
 Thine elephants are gone to take
 Their wonted pastime in the lake;
 And, as the flush of morn is shed
 Upon each monster's mighty head,
 Bright gleam their tusks like ribs of gold
 That riven sides of mountains hold.
 Roused from his sleep, full many a steed
 Of perfect form and noble breed,
 In ^thy vast stalls, O lotus-eyed,
 W⁼ere rest thy coursers side by side,

Has bent his stately neck to taste
 The golden grain before him placed.
 Thy wreath of flowers has died away,
 The torches' light is lost in day,
 And now thy parrot sweetly tries
 To sing our song that bids thee rise."

Quick from his couch the son of Raghu sprang,
 Wooed from his slumber as the minstrels sang;
 Thus the celestial elephant, at rest
 In his fair island home on Ganga's breast,
 Springs up, when wild swans, thronging round, rejoice
 With all the sweet full music of their voice.

He sought the plain where youthful lords, arrayed,
 Waited the coming of the royal maid
 To choose the flower 'mid chiefs of many a land,¹
 And make him happy with her heart and hand.
 There, upon glorious thrones of royal state,
 In shining robes the rival princes sate,
 In all the splendour of their proud array,
 Peers of the Gods, and beautiful as they.
 But Aja came, like Love divinely fair,
 And struck those eager hearts with wild despair.
 A shadow fell on every youthful brow,
 And dimmed the eyes that beamed with hope but now.
 As some young lion o'er his rocky road
 Climbs to the mountain top, so Aja strode
 Majestic to his throne, a wondrous seat
 Bright with rich gems, and gold beneath his feet.

¹ The *Swayamvara*, or choice of a husband of her own rank, was one of the privileges of an Indian princess.

Such was the glory of the royal throng,
 No eye could gaze upon the beauty long—
 Beauty divided, like the lightning's flame,
 Flashing through many a cloud, yet still the same.
 All there were bright and beautiful; but one
 Was fairer than the fairest—Raghu's son.
 Though all the trees of Heaven are heavenly fair,
 There's one most bright, there's one most glorious there.
 Now clear-voiced heralds in the midst proclaim
 Each Prince's title and ancestral fame;
 These from the Sun derive their ancient race;
 Those from the Moon their rival lineage trace.
 From burning aloes rose a fragrant cloud
 High o'er the banners, as they waved; and loud
 Sounded the music of the drum and shell,
 Till, at the voice that mocked the thunder's swell,
 The peacocks, glittering on the garden wall,
 Danced in wild glee, obedient to the call.
 High on her car, apparelled as a bride,
 The maiden came, while wondering thousands eyed
 Her peerless beauty, and each spirit flew
 Forward to meet her, as she came in view.
 As each fair tree, in lovely spring, is drest
 In buds and blossoms different from the rest,
 Among those Princes various gestures told
 The one sweet spirit that each breast controlled.
 One with quick fingers twirled a lotus round,
 Dropping the fragrant pollen on the ground;
 And, as the bees came near, the baffled thieves
 Were driven backward by the whirling leaves.

One turned his head aside with careless grace,
 His wreath, his fallen garland, to replace.
 Another chieftain on his elbow leant,
 And snapped his flowery garland, as he bent
 In eager talk. Near him an amorous boy,
 With fingers wont with laughing girls to toy,
 Tore the white jasmine bud that graced his ear
 To gain her notice, as the maid came near.
 Another's finger, bright with many a gem,
 Feigned to replace his firm-set diadem.

Sunanda, keeper of her palace door,
 Led the fair maiden on, and stood before
 A royal suitor, and his praise began
 In fluent language that had graced a man :
 " See the brave Lord of Magadh's wide domain,¹
 Whose aid the wretched seek, and ne'er in vain.
 Safe in his rule his subjects find repose,
 And hail him victor of unnumbered foes.
 A thousand Princes royal rank may claim ;
 His, and his only, is the Sovereign's name.
 Stars, constellations, planets, gem the night ;
 But 't is the moon that sheds the grateful light.
 Come, if this noble monarch be thy choice,
 Enter in state his city, and rejoice
 The dames of Pushpapura,² who will eye
 Thy form with rapture, as thy car moves by."

¹ Magadha is South Behar.

² Literally, the city of flowers: Páṭaliputra, or Palibothra, now represented by a village near Patna.

"Look on Avanti's Lord: his arms are long,
 He 's tall, broad-chested, graceful, young and strong;
 The dust of war beneath his car that springs
 Dims the crest-jewels of all neighbouring Kings.
 So near his home to Mahakala's shrine,
 Where Siva's crest pours down its light divine,
 That, though to us the Moon be dark or dim,
 There's ever moonlight for his loves and him.
 Were it not pleasant, fairest maid, to rove
 With thy young hero through the tangled grove,
 Where lucid Sipra murmurs softly by,
 And leads new freshness to the breeze's sigh?"
 She turned impatient from the Prince away,
 As turns the lily from the God of Day.
 The dame then led her to Anupa's King,
 And thus again addressed the loveliest thing
 That God had e'er created,—fair of hue
 As a young lotus scarce disclosed to view:
 "There lived of old a pious monarch : fame
 Still loves to honour Kartavirya's name.
 A thousand arms increased the hero's might,
 And made him matchless when he rode to fight.
 Through all the world the mighty King was feared ;
 And every region saw his altars reared.
 So stern his rule, his very look repressed
 All thoughts of crime within the trembling breast.
 The King of Lanka knew his prison well,—
 There, till the victor softened, forced to dwell;
 Yet was that monster mighty at the bow,
 And conquered Indra, though a heavenly foe.

She spake. The maid her flowery wreath replaced,
 Fallen, as she stooped to listen, to her waist ;
 And, as a ripple, by the breezes stirred,
 Wafts over Manas lake the silvery bird
 To some fresh lotus, guided by the dame,
 Before the second chief the lady came.

“ Look, my sweet Princess, look on Anga’s Lord
 A lovely youth by Heavenly Maids adored ;
 A mighty chief, whose elephants were tamed
 By skilful hunters for their science famed.
 More glorious he than Kings of mortal birth,
 He reigns like Indra’s¹ self, a God on earth.
 In battle with his foes, the conqueror threw
 On their wives’ breasts a necklace strange and new,
 When the big tear-drops on their bosoms hung,
 A row of pearls most lovely, but unstrung.
 Beauty and Wisdom, each a Goddess fair,
 Dwell with him ever. Come, my Princess, share
 With them the glory of his love, and be
 The sweetest, fairest Goddess of the three.”

Ah ! woman’s fancy man nor God can tell.
 She knew his worth, and he deserved her well ;
 But yet she turned, impatient of delay,
 And bade her handmaid guide her onward way.
 On through the crowd again Sunanda pressed,
 And praised a chieftain towering o’er the rest,
 Bright as the Moon that lights the cloudless sky,
 But full of terror for a foeman’s eye :

¹ The Jupiter of the Hindus.

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 There, till the victor softened, forced to dwell;
 Yet was that monster mighty at the bow,
 And conquered Indra, though a heavenly foe.

Now see Pratipa, of this noble race,
 Rich in all loveliness of mind and face.
 They say that Beauty is a wanton Queen,
 In forms defiled with vice not seldom seen ;
 But, in Pratipa, Beauty's self has shown
 She knows full well in whom to fix her throne.
 Armed with fierce flames, he scorned the wild attacks
 Of vengeful Rama¹ with his murderous axe,
 And deemed as tender as a lotus leaf
 The steel that slaughtered every Warrior Chief.
 If thou would call his lovely home thine own,
 Girt by the city as a silver zone,
 And from the palace windows see the gleam
 On the bright waves of Reva's rippling stream :
 If such a life of love and bliss have charms,
 Come and be Lakshmi² in thy hero's arms."
 The lover's graceful form, the Chieftain's might,
 Could find no favour in the maiden's sight.
 What cares the Lotus³ though the full Moon shed
 Sweet light in Autumn when the clouds have fled ?
 Then passed they on to Surasena's King,
 Whose praise the Heavenly Minstrels loved to sing ;
 "Of Nipa's ancient lineage," cried the dame,
 "This pious Prince has long been dear to fame.
 Opposing virtues, ceasing to contest,
 Blend in sweet union in his gentle breast ;

¹ Paraśuráma, the first of the three Rámas, and the sixth Avatar, or descent of the God Vishṇu.

² The Goddess of Beauty and Wealth, and wife of Vishṇu.

³ The more ordinary species of Lotus closes its flowers at night.

As timid deer with harmless tigers dwell
 In the calm precincts of the Hermit's cell.
 His wondrous beauty, in its soft repose,
 A moonlike glory through his palace throws ;
 But, in his wrath, that dazzling splendour falls
 With matchless fury on his foemen's walls.
 Come, choose him for thy husband, and enjoy
 Youth's dearest pleasures with the blooming boy.
 Haste to Vrindavan¹ with thy lord away,
 Fair as the groves that boast Kuvera's ²sway;
 And there, on couches of the softest flowers,
 Spend with thy lover thy delicious hours.
 There, in the Rain-time, on some hillock's crest,
 Cooled by the sweet fresh breezes, shalt thou rest,
 And in Govardhan's³ pleasant caverns see
 The joyous peafowl dancing in their glee."
 She passed him by, another's destined bride ;
 As some fair river rushes by the side
 Of a tall hill that would her course restrain,
 And hastens onward, amorous of the main.
 "Turn, royal lady, turn, and pass not by
 Mahendra's ⁴monarch with a careless eye.
 So near the sea his palace, that between
 His window-bars the mounting waves are seen.

¹ The Arcadia of India, near Mathurá.

² Kuvera is the God of Wealth. His gardens are famed for their beauty.

³ A celebrated hill near Mathurá.

⁴ Mahendra is, apparently, the northern part of the Gháts of the peninsula.

He needs no drum, to wake him, but the roar
 Of angry Ocean dashing on the shore.
 Go where the palm-trees whisper. By his side
 Walk on the margin of the sounding tide.
 Winds shall bring flowers from many a spicy isle,
 And cool thy forehead, happy Queen, the while."
 Dead fell his praises on the Maiden's ear,
 The beauty absent that she held more dear.
 She turned away; as Fortune scorns to dwell
 Where Virtue calls her, if the fates repel.
 "Now," cried the matron, "to my words attend,
 And on this Prince a look of favour bend.
 See, round his shoulders flowery garlands cling,
 And dyes of sandal mark the Pandus' King.¹
 Like the proud monarch of the Hills, he towers,
 Adorned with torrents fed with new-poured showers;
 Glorious in beauty, as the Sunbeams throw
 O'er peaks and rocky sides a golden glow.
 Wed, Princess, wed this chief of noble birth:
 His love will make thee like the fruitful earth.
 That love the South alone shall share with thee,
 Decked with her girdle of the pearly sea.
 On Malaya's hill,² at evening, shalt thou lie,
 And gales shall cool thee as they wander by.
 There shalt thou see the taper betel spread
 Its fresh green leaves to shade thy gentle head;

¹ His country is supposed to be represented by the present Tinnevelly and part of Madura, in the Madras Presidency.

² A mountain, or mountainous range, answering to the Western Ghâts in the Peninsula.

Where creeping elas¹ clasp the sandal round,
 And soft tamala² leaves bestrew the ground.
 Thy dainty form is fair and bright to view;
 His limbs are dark as is the lotus' hue:
 Each shall be lovelier by the other's side,
 Like the cloud-husband and his lightning-bride."
 In vain she spake. The matron's words could find
 No hope of entrance to the maiden's mind;
 The lotus, opening to the God of Day,
 Closes her beauty from the Moon's soft ray.
 Glad was each Chieftain when the maid came nigh,
 But sad and gloomy when she passed him by.
 Thus have I seen the passing torches gleam
 On stately palaces, with transient beam ;
 Thus have I seen pass by the cheerful light,
 And leave those domes to shades of deeper night.
 At last the Princess stands by Aja's side,
 While hope and fear his fluttering breast divide.
 She moves no more: that faultless Prince she sees,
 And only he the maiden's eye may please.
 No blooms, no sweets, can tempt the bees away,
 When once they rest upon the mango spray.
 Again the dame addressed the bright-eyed maid,
 Whose looks of love her vanquished soul betrayed :
 " Born, long ago, of old Ikswaku's race,
 Kakutstha's virtues ranked him first in place.

¹ Cardamoms (*Elettaria Cardamomum*).

² The name of a tree bearing black blossoms (*Xanthocymus pictorius*).

Sprung from this sire, rich Kosal's monarchs¹ claim—
 Their proudest boast—to bear his honoured name.
 From this high line the good Dilipa sprung,
 O'er all his race a glorious lustre flung.
 The wanton Wind his boundless sway confessed;
 And, if a gentle maiden sank to rest
 Within the garden's shade, he durst not play
 With her robes rudely, as asleep she lay.
 Now Raghu decks the throne, his worthy heir,
 And rules the kingdom with a father's care.
 But in that rite, that best of rites, ordained
 For boundless empire o'er the nations gained,
 Gone is his wealth from every region sought,
 Gone all the treasures that his conquests brought.
 Known is his glory on the mountain's crest,
 Famous his story far 'neath Ocean's breast:
 The realms below, where mighty Serpents dwell,
 And Heaven above us, know his praises well.
 Fair as Jayanta,² scarcely less divine,
 Aja was born to grace that royal line.
 Now, like a steer that learns the yoke to bear,
 He aids his father in the kingdom's care.
 Come, choose a partner meet for thee in race,
 In youth, in beauty, and in modest grace,
 Famed for all virtues, best of manly mould;
 So shall the gem be married to the gold."
 The matron ceased: the royal maid repressed
 The modest fear that filled her trembling breast.

¹ Kings of what is now Oudh.

² The son of Indra.

Shame kept her silent ; but each quivering limb
 Proclaimed the fair-haired maiden's love for him :
 Then, with a radiant look of love and joy,
 As with a wreath of flowers, she chose the boy.
 "On, Princess, on !" the smiling matron cried.
 She spoke no word, but angry looked aside.
 On Aja's neck the flowery wreath was thrown,
 And showed the love her tongue refused to own.
 So sweet those flowers upon his shoulders hung,
 He thought the Princess in her love had flung
 Her twining arms around him. Loud and long
 Rang out the rapture of the gathered throng.
 All, save the rival Chiefs, assembled there
 Thus hailed the meeting of that peerless pair :
 "Now see, the lily, loveliest flower of night,
 Weds her moon-lover in his cloudless light.
 See ! Ganga, fairest stream, at length has rest,
 And sinks delighted on her Ocean's breast."
 On, to the city, where the joyous throng
 Make the streets merry with the dance and song
 On, through those splendid gates, where colours glow
 Mocking the glories of the Heavenly Bow ;
 On speeds the pomp, along the royal street,
 Banners o'erhead, and flowers beneath their feet.
 Careless of all beside, each lady's eye
 Must gaze on Aja, as the troop sweeps by.
 One dark-eyed beauty would not stay to bind
 Her long black tresses, flowing unconfined
 Save by her little hand ; her flowery crown
 Hanging, neglected and unfastened, down.

One from her maiden tore her foot away,
 On which the dye all wet and streaming lay,
 And o'er the chamber, rushing in her haste,
 Where'er she stepped, a crimson footprint traced.
 Another at the window takes her stand,
 With one eye dyed, the pencil in her hand.
 Here runs an eager dame, and, running, holds
 Loose and ungirt her flowing mantle's folds,
 While, as she strives to close the parting vest,
 Its brightness lends new beauty to her breast.
 Another, in her eager speed, has thrown
 Down from her waist her golden-buckled zone,
 Farther and farther slipping, as she springs,
 Till round her little foot at length it clings.
 From latticed palaces there beams a light
 Of eager faces excellently bright,
 Like sweetest lilies : for those dark eyes fling
 Quick glances, quivering like the wild bee's wing.
 The train swept by: on Aja's form alone
 The joyful looks of every dame were thrown.
 On his bright face they fed the rapturous gaze,
 And only turned to marvel and to praise:
 "Surely in vain, had not the Lord of Life
 Matched this fair bridegroom and this lovely wife,
 Had been his wish to show the world a mould
 Of perfect beauty. These, in days of old,
 Were the young Love-God and his faithful bride;
 For she, remembering the links that tied
 Their former lives together, fondly clings
 To him alone amid a thousand kings."

Such words of praise, from many a bright-eyed dame,
 On Aja's ear with soothing witchery came ;
 While to the palace of the king the throng
 In proud procession slowly swept along.
 There the Priest joined the lover and the maid,
 And offerings due to Fire, the Witness, paid.
 Brighter and brighter grew that lover's look,
 As in his own the maiden's hand he took.
 From hand to hand the soft infection stole,
 Till each confessed it in the inmost soul.
 Fire filled his veins : with joy she trembled ; such
 The magic influence of that thrilling touch.
 They met, and for a moment love's sweet shame
 O'er the blest bridegroom and his darling came :
 Eye looked to eye ; but, quivering, as they met,
 They dared not trust the rapturous gazing yet.
 A pair most lovely ! 'T was a goodly sight,
 As round the fire they walked in solemn rite ;
 Like Day and starry Midnight, when they meet
 In the broad plains at holy Meru's¹ feet.
 Then, at the Priest's command, the lady threw
 On the pure flame the grain in order due :
 The scented smoke upon her shoulders hung,
 And round her ears in flowerlike beauty clung.
 As o'er the incense the sweet lady stooped
 The ear of barley from her tresses drooped,
 And ringed her ear with gold : the while her eye
 Seemed newly darkened with the jetty dye.

¹ The sacred mountain in the centre of the seven Continents of Hindu Geography.

Then from the altar, as prescribed of old,
 They turned, and rested upon seats of gold,
 Where the glad King and all the matron train
 Sprinkled them duly with the moistened grain.
 He bade his courtiers pay all honour due
 To the young Chieftains that had come to woo.
 They sought, with words of joy and love, to hide
 Their burning rage and disappointed pride,
 Gave gifts the monarch's honours to repay,
 Then bade their host farewell, and went their way.
 But they had leagued them in a treacherous plot,
 To wait for Aja in a distant spot ;
 Watching the moment when their troops might dare
 The tender lady from her lord to tear.
 Long time the Princes hate to Raghu bore,
 For humbled pride and ravished wealth of yore ;
 And now their rage burnt fiercer, when his son
 That peerless maiden for his bride had won.
 Now as he bears his lovely prize away,
 The rival Princes seek his steps to stay.
 At Aja's order, near the lady stand
 A trusted Chieftain and a chosen band:
 He with his host is ready to oppose
 The furious onset of that flood of foes ;
 As Sone, with all his billows rising high,
 Meets mighty Ganga, daughter of the sky.
 Well matched, I ween, each pair that fought that day ;
 Horseman met horseman in the equal fray ;
 Footman on footman dashed with level spear ;
 And car was whirled at car in mad career ;

While, rushing wildly, with a shriek and roar,
Opposing elephants their riders bore.
'T was vain to call each Bowman's lineage out
'Mid braying trumpets and the battle's shout;
But every arrow bore inscribed a name,
To tell the wounded chief his foeman's fame.
Earth to her deep foundation quakes and reels
With thundering elephants and rushing wheels
See, see, the dust-cloud, from the horses' feet
Thicker and thicker as the armies meet,
Rises aloft, and, spreading far and wide,
Forms a dark veil, the very sun to hide.
Like fishes drinking in a muddy stream,
Those emblem fishes on the banner seem
Their mouths to open as the breezes blow,
And drink the dust that covers all below.
Veiled by that cloud, the rattling wheels alone
Proclaim the car: the elephant is known
By his bell's tinkling; and the men proclaim,
To show them friends or foes, their leader's name.
Like the red sun, just rising out of night,
So, in those clouds of dust that hid the light,
Glowed the full stream, the crimson tide that ran
From wounded elephant, and horse, and man.
Thick clouds still hovered o'er that ruddy tide,
And swayed, with changing winds, from side to side;
As light smoke, floating when the coals below
Have lost their flame, but still retain their glow
There drooped a chieftain, smitten from afar,
As he sped onward in his flying car;

One moment drooped, then, shaking off the pain,
 Rose up, and bade the driver turn again,
 And rushed for vengeance on his foe, betrayed
 By his bright flag that in the breezes played.
 From well-drawn bows an arrowy shower flew :
 What though the foemen cleft those shafts in two,
 One half flew onward,—with such force they sped,—
 And stained with hostile blood each iron head.
 The sharp steel rings, by practised fingers cast,
 Through many a driver's neck have keenly past ;
 But the heads fall not yet ; for vultures tear,
 With eager talons, at the dead men's hair.
 That noble horseman,¹ when his wounded foe
 Sinks down, exhausted 'neath his sturdy blow,
 Smites not again upon his drooping crest,
 But gives him time, and bids him breathe and rest.
 Now, lavish of their lives, mailed warriors clash
 Their swords on tusks of elephants: the flash
 Startles the monsters, and, in wild affright,
 They spout a flood upon the sudden light.
 Upon that field of battling thousands, all
 Proclaims that Death holds there his festival :
 There glows the fruit, full many a severed head;
 With fallen helms, for cups, the board is spread ;
 Nor is the red wine wanting, in the flood,
 The ceaseless river of the warriors' blood.
 A prowling wolf that severed arm has spied,
 And, swift with hunger, to the feast has hied.

¹ Remembering the law of Manu, which inculcates mercy in battle :
 "Spare him if he sink exhausted, spare him if for life he crave."

A golden bracelet round the arm is hung ;
 Against the clasp he wounds his foaming tongue,
 Turns, with an angry howl of pain, away,
 And to those vultures leaves the mangled prey.
 Here meet two warriors, both their drivers slain,
 Forced both to battle and their steeds to rein :
 Shafts from each army lay their horses low ;
 They seize their maces, and give blow for blow :
 The shattered maces fail them ; but they clasp
 Each other's body with a foeman's grasp.
 Armed all in mail, with quiver and with bow,
 Now Aja dashed upon the startled foe.
 'T was a fair sight, that noble youth to view,
 As from his belt his hand the arrows drew :
 Once to his ear the string seemed drawn, and still
 Seemed to breed arrows at the archer's will.
 Once more their shattered bands the Chiefs unite ;
 Once more they charge him with redoubled might.
 Where, where is Aja ? Scarcely can the eye
 See, through the whelming darts, his banner fly ;
 As in the morning, through thick flakes of snow,
 Ye scarce can mark the young Sun's rising glow.
 Fair as the God of Love, when lovely Spring
 Has given his sweetest flowers to grace his King,
 The royal Aja, eager for the fight,
 Drew his new bow, to try its wondrous might ;
 That magic bow,¹ that was, of old, the boast,
 The pride, and wonder, of Heaven's minstrel host.

¹ Magic weapons figure largely in Indian battle-pieces.

Suddenly, lo ! as if by sleep opprest,
 On their drawn strings the archers' fingers rest
 And warriors, drooping 'neath the banner's shade,
 Lean on the staff, their failing limbs to aid.
 Quick to his lips young Aja moved his shell,
 To lips that knew his darling's kisses well ;
 Seemed it as though in one triumphant draught
 Embodied glory from that shell he quaffed.
 His soildiers started at the well-known sound,
 And saw him with his prostrate foes around ;
 Like the bright moon victorious in the skies,
 When the sad lotus drowned in slumber lies.
 Then Aja seized a dripping shaft, and o'er
 The Princes' banners traced these words in gore :
 " Aja has torn your warlike fame away,
 But spared your forfeit lives in fight to-day. "
 One hand he rests upon his mighty bow,
 Then bares his brow, and gives his hair to flow,
 And, with the heat-drops pouring down his cheeks,
 He hastens to his love, and proudly speaks :
 " Look, my own darling, on the conquered foes,
 Whose puny force an infant might oppose :
 Yet such a force they fondly deemed would be
 Enough to tear my lovely bride from me. "
 The Prince's face was radiant with delight,
 Flushed with the triumph of the glorious fight ;
 E'en as a mirror, dimmed by breath, and then
 Bright as before, and fair and clear again.
 Modest and silent, though her heart beat high,
 She gave her maids a signal to reply.

Thus, when the Rain has made the Earth rejoice,
 She thanks the kind clouds in the peacock's voice.
 He spurned the Chieftains, prostrate as they lay,
 And proudly led his faultless bride away ;
 Like Victory drest in woman's form most fair,
 The dust of battle hanging on her hair.
 Now aged Raghu, weary of the weight,
 Resigned to Aja all the cares of state ;
 And he, obedient, not like Kings who lust
 For power and empire, took the sacred trust ;
 And Earth with him the holy sprinkling shared
 Of purest water for the rite prepared.
 Who can resist the favourite of the Sage
 Skilled in the lore of Scripture's holy page ?
 Who can oppose, when Wind and Fire unite ?
 And who contend, when God and Valour fight ?
 Proud of their youthful Lord, the people viewed
 Their own dear monarch in his son renewed ;
 And every man amid that subject host
 Made of Prince Aja's love his proudest boast.
 None was neglected : of the streams that run
 To bear him tribute, Ocean scorns not one.
 As bending trees the steady wind obey,
 So bent his nobles to his mild, firm sway.
 When Raghu sees his son beloved of all
 No earthly thought must now his soul enthrall :
 For all the monarchs of Dilapa's race,
 When blest with worthy sons to fill their place,
 Forsaking worldly cares in life's decline,
 To them the sceptre and the throne resign,

Assume the garment of the holy Sage,
 And spend in thoughts of God their tranquil age.
 On Aja's temples shines the royal crown ;
 But at his father's feet he throws him down.
 " Stay, best of friends," he cries, " dear father, stay
 Still let thy presence aid and bless my sway."
 And Raghu listens ; for his loving heart
 Still clings to Aja, and is loth to part.
 But royal rank he claims not ; as the snake
 Cares not again his cast-off skin to take.
 A humble cot beyond the city now
 Shades him, devoted to his hermit vow ;
 While lovely Fortune, wedded to his heir,
 For ever tends him with a daughter's care.
 E'en as the sky, what time the Moon has set,
 And the new Sun has scarcely risen yet,
 So was that race ; the sire in his retreat,
 The heir just placed upon the royal seat.
 As two fair Virtues from their native skies,
 Raghu and Aja charmed the people's eyes.
 The father, clad in humble hermit's dress,
 Seemed upon earth incarnate Holiness ;
 The noble youth, in kingly robes arrayed,
 Seemed Royal Virtue bodily displayed.
 To guard his kingdom, and to keep his own,
 Aja called prudent lords around his throne ;
 A home for ever in the skies to win,
 Raghu loved Saints and Sages free from sin.
 To guard his people with impartial care,
 Aja sat daily in his judgment-chair

While upon sacred grass his sire reclined,
 And gave to holy thoughts his steadfast mind.
 One neighbouring Princes 'neath his Sceptre brought ;
 The other checked his breath in deepest thought.
 While Aja spoiled the fame his foes had won,
 And marred the feats their warlike hands had done,
 His father purified in Wisdom's blaze
 The binding deeds¹ performed in early days.
 His people's guardian, Aja cared for all
 The weighty duties on a King that fall :
 His father vanquished Nature's triple chain²
 By counting gold, no more than clay, a gain.
 There was no resting in the great emprise,
 Till fruit of triumph gladdened Aja's eyes ;
 In holy thought no respite Raghu knew,
 Till all the Godhead opened to his view.
 Each gained his wish : one triumphed o'er the foe,
 And laid his armies and his glories low ;
 One o'er his senses gained supreme control,
 And checked each rising passion of the soul.
 Years passed away ; and still, at Aja's prayer,
 The royal Hermit breathed the vital air :
 Looking on all below with equal eye,
 He fixed his thoughts upon the glorious sky,

¹ All works, being either good or evil, and, therefore, requiring to be rewarded or punished in another life on earth, or in heaven, or hell, hinder the soul's final emancipation from the body, unless they be purged away in the voluntary purgatory here described.

² The three qualities incident to human nature,—Passion, Goodness, and Darkness.

And gained the boon he longed for, to unite
 With the Great Spirit in the world of light.
 How Aja sorrowed when his sire was dead !
 What tears of anguish o'er his corse he shed !
 And then performed, without the aid of fire,¹
 The last sad duties to his Hermit Sire.
 He offered gifts through filial love alone,
 The gifts men offer when the soul is flown ;
 For well he knew how vain and useless they,
 When spirits pass, as Raghu's passed away.
 By his command the people were restrained
 From mourning him who endless bliss had gained ;
 Then, by the terror of his ready bow,
 He made the Earth his own, nor left a foe.
 Earth, and the lady, each a lovely bride,
 Wedded to such a lord, were filled with pride.
 Earth poured her jewels from her boundless store ;
 A noble son the Queen, her rival, bore.
 That mighty boy in after time shall be
 Bright as the Sun, and known as far as he :
 His glorious name shall many a bard inspire,
 Himself a mighty King, and Rama's sire.
 Clear as the Day-God in the cloudless skies,
 No darkening shade on Aja's glory lies.
 Saints, Gods, and Spirits had no claim on him,
 His breast to sadden, or his fame to dim.
 For he had pored on Holy Writ, and knew,
 And paid with care, each sacred offering due ;

¹ The corpse of a hermit is not burnt.

And now, to clear him from the ancient claim ;¹
 And guard his line, this gentle infant came.
 He used his might the poor and weak to save
 His wisdom honour to the wisest gave ;
 His boundless treasures succoured all distress
 And through his virtues were his people blest.
 Ne'er did he shun the city's crowded street ;
 'T was joy to him his subjects' looks to meet :
 But 't was a sweeter joy to steal away,
 With his dear partner, at the close of day,
 And, while their happy child around them played,
 To roam delighted through the neighbouring shade ;
 Happy as Indra wandering with his love,
 His bright-eyed Sachi, through the groves above.
 Once with his darling as he chanced to roam,
 Narad, sweet singer,² speeding to his home,—
 For he had tuned his heavenly lyre, to cheer
 With sounds of melody great Siva's ear,
 In far Gokarna,³ where the God abode,—
 Flew o'er their heads, upon his airy road.
 The wind, enamoured of the scent of flowers
 That grew and blossomed in no earthly bower,
 Swept o'er the chaplet on his lyre that lay,
 And bore it swiftly through the clouds away.

¹ The duty of being a father, in order that the offerings to the ancestors' *manes* may be duly kept up.

² The son of Brahmá, and one of the divine Munis, or Rishis. He invented the *vînâ*, or lute.

³ A place of pilgrimage on the Malabar coast.

Fairer and sweeter than the flowers that grow
 In lovely gardens in this world below,
 That falling chaplet finds a fitting rest
 On the smooth wonder of the lady's breast.
 But, when that garland on her bosom lies,
 The Queen one instant looks, then faints, and dies ;
 As faints the lily, when the Demon's might
 Snatches the moon, her lover, from her sight.
 Scarce has she sunk, of sense and life bereft,
 Ere sense and motion, too, her lord have left.
 Loud shrieks, in sorrow, each attendant near ;
 And startled birds reply with notes of fear.
 Tended with care, the King revives, at last ;
 And she—Ah, Fate has bound its prey too fast.
 Art may recall the yet delaying breath ;
 No charms, alas ! can win his prey from Death.
 Lovely but mournful, like an unstrung lute,
 She looked all soulless, beautiful and mute,
 As in her husband's loving arms she lay,
 Pale as the Moon that shrinks before the day.
 Broken in spirit, thus the mourner cries ;
 His voice scarce heard for groans, and sobs, and sighs.
 If iron melts before the conquering flame,
 Is the soul stronger in its mortal frame ?
 " Dead of a flower, my dearest ! And has such
 The power to kill thee with its gentle touch ?
 Now every weapon Fate may use to slay,
 If pleasant flowers can take the life away.
 Ah, I remember. Such is Nature's will,
 That gentle means should gentle creatures kill.

Have I not seen a sweet young lotus die
 Of soft snow melting when the sun rose high ?
 How can this chaplet, if so deadly there,
 Here, on my bosom placed, have power to spare ?
 But poisoned cups may life and strength bestow,
 And Amrit¹ kill, if God will have it so.
 And thus the bolt has spared the husband tree,
 And killed the gentle plant that clung to me.
 " Speak to me, dearest. When I vexed thee, thou
 Wast ever gentle. Why so scornful now ?
 And art thou gone without one last adieu ?
 And didst thou think my vows of love untrue ?
 Ah, human weakness ! Still her lips are red
 With my last kisses : and the girl is dead ?
 Unkind, unkind ! Canst thou thy love forsake,
 Who ne'er in thought would cause thy heart to ache ?
 In name alone the Earth my bride they call :
 Thou art my Queen, my love, my life, my all.

The soft wind moves the flowers that deck thy hair,
 And whispers hope amid my wild despair.
 Wake, darling, wake ! My midnight gloom dispel,
 Like the bright plant that lights the darksome dell.
 Woe, woe ! Thy hair is wandering freely o'er
 Those dear dear lips that speak not, move not more.
 Thus the sad lotus sleeps, that all day long
 Made pleasant music with the wild bee's song.
 Night goes, but glads her loving moon again ;
 The love-bird mourns, but mourns not all in vain.

¹ The nectar of the Indian Gods.

Lovers may part, and live, if hope be left ;
But I for ever, ever am bereft.

" Those dainty limbs, for which soft blossoms, spread
By gentle hands, were all too rude a bed,
How will they bear to lie upon the pyre,
Ere burnt to ashes by the ruthless fire ?

The sharer of thy secrets, dear, thy zone,
Rings out no longer with its silvery tone,
Now that thy foot is silent. Can it be

That all its voice and life have fled with thee ?

" Signs of thy charms will meet me. Thou hast taught
Koils¹ thy voice of music : swans have caught
That step that love made languid : startled roes
Have learnt thy winning glance : the creeper throws
Her amorous arms, when shaken by the breeze,
As thou didst, dearest. Thou hast left me these :
But thou art gone away to Heaven, and what
Can soothe my anguish, love, when thou art not ?
Didst thou not promise, long ago, to see
Thy creeper married to thy favourite tree ?
And now, ere yet the rites are well begun,
Thou hast departed. Is this kindly done ?
Thy dear Asoka tree,² that loved thee much,
And bloomed so bravely at thy gentle touch,

¹ The Koil (*cuculus Indicus*) makes a prominent figure in Indian poetry, in which he appears, like our cuckoo, as the harbinger of Spring, and, like our nightingale, as the most musical of birds.

² The Jonesia Asoka, one of the loveliest trees of India, and perhaps, of the whole world. "It is the height of a moderate horse-chestnut, thick in foliage, and literally covered with heads of red flowers resembling the *Ixora*.—Mrs. Speirs's *Life in Ancient India*.

What henceforth will its blossoms be ? And how,
 Meant for thy tresses, can I use them now ?
 Believe me, love, it weeps for thee, and showers—
 The only tears it can—a rain of flowers ;
 Mourning what none can give again, the sweet
 Beloved pressure of thy gentle feet.

Art thou asleep,—thy zone, in which we wound
 Flowers like thy breath for sweetness, still unbound ?
 These girls were partners of thy grief and joy :
 Here, like the Moon in beauty, stands our boy.
 In thee alone was centred all my bliss :
 With these to love thee, was thy purpose this ?
 Dear pupil in the song, friend, partner, wife,
 What is not lost, oh, tell me, with thy life !
 Girl with the eyes that sparkled ; wont to drink
 The wine of kisses from my lips ; oh, think,
 How wilt thou bear to taste, in realms above,
 Tears mixed with water, for the kiss of love ? ”

Thus as he wept, the mourner's cries of woe
 Forced the trees' tears in balmy streams to flow.
 Scarce could his sorrowing friends, with tender care,
 The lovely body from his bosom tear,
 And on the pyre those dainty limbs compose,
 Where scented flames from logs of sandal rose.
 Pale as the sad Moon when the night is fled,
 Back to the city all alone he sped,
 And saw his grief reflected in the eyes
 Of mourning matrons with their deep-drawn sighs.
 His saintly Teacher marked the monarch's grief,
 And sent a Hermit to console the Chief.

Before the mourner stood the holy man,
 And thus, with gentle words, his speech began:
 "Well doth the pitying Saint, my Master, know
 The cause, sad King that bids thy tears to flow;
 And, did not rites unfinished claim his care,
 He had been here to soothe thy wild despair.
 Now hear the message of the holy Sage;
 Store in thy mind the wise advice of age.
 His eye of knowledge never waxes dim,
 Nought in the triple world is hid from him;
 But, all uncovered to his searching eye,
 The past, the present, and the future lie.
 Once Trinavindu, for his virtues known,
 Through sternest Penance threatened Indra's throne.
 The God from Paradise, in wild alarm,
 Sent a fair Nymph, the Sage's mind to charm.
 Scarce could the Saint his furious wrath control,
 Surging tempestuous o'er his troubled soul;
 And, as she stood, in all her charms arrayed,
 He laid the curse of death upon the maid.
 'Father, forgive me!'—was her tearful cry—
 'My lord commands; a helpless slave am I.'
 Then cried the Sage: 'On earth a prisoner be,
 Till flowers of Heaven shall fall and set thee free.'
 Born, ages after, of a royal line,
 She was thy consort, and her heart was thine.
 But those sweet flowers upon her breast that fell
 Have freed her spirit, and removed the spell.
 Weep not for her; but for thy land provide:
 The Earth, remember, is the Monarch's bride.

Well hast thou borne thy prosperous fortune's test,
 Nor once has pride inflamed thy constant breast:
 Then scorn, O King, beneath thy grief to bow;
 But show the same unyielding spirit now.
 Up, and be strong! Thy useless grief control,
 And with rich offerings cheer thy lady's soul.
 Hast thou not heard, when tears for ever flow,
 The spirit suffers from the mourner's woe?"
 The sage's counsel reached the mourner's ear;
 But, rent by grief, his heart refused to hear.
 Then to his home the Hermit turned again,
 And with him turned the counsel sent in vain.

Still, moved by pity for his helpless boy,
 He bore eight dreary years without a joy;
 Or, if a joy he had, it was to trace
 In each fair thing some well-remembered grace
 Of his lost darling, and in dreams to fold
 His loving arms around her, as of old.
 The sword of anguish cleft his broken heart;
 As the wild fig-tree, bursting through, will part
 The palace pavement. Well he knew the ill
 Would mock the leeches and their boasted skill.
 To him 't was gain: he only longed to die,
 And meet his well-beloved in the sky.

Soon as the boy the burnished mail could wear,
 He learnt the arts that claim a rule's care.
 Then Aja, weary of the light of day,
 Resolved to fast his noble life away.
 Where Sarju's wave with Ganga's stream unite,
 From the dead clay his spirit winged its flight,

Hasting to join the deathless bands above:
And there he met his own, his only love,
More lovely far than ever, and had rest
In the sweet groves and mansions of the Blest.

SPRING.¹

Now lovely Spring, descending gently, rests
 Mid his dear woods that wave their shady crests.
 Softly he comes—at first the floweret's birth
 Proclaims his advent to the longing earth ;
 Then burst the tendrils from the leafy trees,
 Then comes the Koil, then the song of bees.
 See, as the gentle breeze from Malaya blows,
 Loaded with flowers the scented Mango throws
 Her boughs about in play—a sight to steal
 Hearts dead to earth, that love nor hate can feel !
 The rich Asoka, with its glorious dyes,
 Enthrals the spirit as it charms the eyes ;
 And to the lover every spray is dear
 That lends new beauty to his darling's ear.
 To deck the forests, Spring delights to choose
 The lovely crimson of the Amaranth's hues,
 Fair tree, beloved by labouring bees that throng
 Round its sweet blossoms with their ceaseless song,
 Or cling upon the Vakul's buds, and sip
 Flowers fed with nectar from a woman's lip.
 Now is the time when maidens love to pull
 That glorious flower, so bright, so beautiful,
 That decks in Spring the waving woods, and wear
 Its golden blossoms twisted in their hair.

This piece is taken from the eighth Canto of the *Raghuvanśa*.

Now, like a lovely bride, 'tis sweet to see
 The creeping jasmin clasp her husband tree,
 As a sweet smile of wife-like transport plays
 Over her teeth of flowers, her lips of sprays.
 Robes like the morn when first the sun appears—
 Bright barley drooping o'er the maiden's ears—
 The Koil's music from the Mango bough—
 These are love's weapons, and resistless now.
 The golden pollen, wafted by the breeze,
 Brightens the Tila's spray all dark with bees,
 Till each young bud, and every blossom there
 Shines like the pearls that deck a maiden's hair.
 Faint, far away, through woods in blossom floats
 The music of the Koil's earliest notes,
 As when some modest maiden sweetly tries
 To tell the love that sparkles in her eyes.
 The woods are all alive; the busy throng
 Of bees at labour charm the ears with song.
 Like women's flashing teeth, the trees display
 Boughs rich with blossoms pure and white as they,
 And wave their leaves, like taper hands, in glee
 Moving in concert with the melody.

The laughing maiden in the flying swing
 Keeps with delight the Festival of Spring,
 Yet slow to seize in her soft hand the cord,
 And leave the rest her lover's arms afford.
 Both dames and maidens listen, and rejoice,
 While comes sweet counsel in the Koil's voice:—
 “Resist no more!” it says, or seems to say—
 “Youth lasts not ever, love ye while ye may!”

THE HUNT.¹

In hunter's garb the glorious King is drest,
His bow hangs ready on his sturdy breast ;
And, as he goes, thick clouds of dust arise
Beneath his horses' feet, and veil the skies.
A leafy wreath upon his head he wears,
Green, like the trees around, the shield he bears ;
The only glitter, when his ear-ring shakes
At every step his prancing courser takes.

First with their mouths still full of holy grass,
The hunter sees a flock of wild-goats pass ;
The male in triumph proudly leads the way,
The thirsty kids each mother oft delay.
Straight to the mark the hunter's arrow flies ;
Their ranks are broken, and their tremulous eyes
Peer through the trees, as, when a gale has blown,
Shine lotus-leaves upon the waters thrown.
Now 'gainst a noble buck he bends his bow,
But moved by pity for the gentle doe
That comes herself between, his tender heart
Forbids his hand to send the ready dart.
In vain he aims at many a startled deer,
Their large eyes quickly trembling in their fear

¹ This piece is taken from the ninth Canto of the *Raghuvansá*.

Recall the maiden's timid look, and how,
With these sweet memories, can he slay them now

While angry boars in wild confusion fly
From the cool marshes where they love to lie
Their dripping feet and trodden grass betray
To the keen hunter's eye their secret way.

The huge rhinoceros is forced to mourn,
Cut by the hunter's shaft, his mighty horn,
The King delights to check the haughty foe,
So spares his life, but brings his glory low.
Spotted like broken boughs, fierce tigers spring
From their dark caverns towards the fearless King ;
One moment, and his hand by practice skilled
Their mouths, like quivers, with his shafts has filled.
Loud as the rushing wind, his bow-string's sound
Wakes lions slumbering on the shady ground ;
Their royal dignity and matchless might
The rival Monarch's jealous rage excite.
Foes of the elephant, their claws are red
With blood-stained pearls torn from his mangled head ;
He, his avenger, now delights to pay
The service rendered in the doubtful fray.

Now towards a herd of bulls he turns his horse,
And shoots swift arrows in his rapid course ;
Like trembling Princes when the conqueror's nigh,
In wild confusion through the wood they fly ;
He checks the chase and spares their lives, content
With their broad tails, their boasted ornament.

THE ADDRESS TO VISHNU.¹

As weary wanderers, by the heat oppress,
 Seek the dark shadow of a tree for rest,
 So, faint with terror, crushed by grief and woe,
 The Gods sought Vishnu's aid against their foe.
 Soon as their feet the shores of Ocean trod,
 Waked from his slumber, rose the mightiest God :
 Omen of triumph, when the great arise
 At the first summons to the bold emprise,
 There lay the God upon his Serpent-bed,
 While every jewel in each glittering head
 Of that tremendous Snake its radiance poured
 Upon the limbs of his reclining lord.
 Over the shoulders of the God was drawn
 A garment tinted like the early dawn ;
 Bright flashed his eyes, like lotuses that wake
 When the sun shines upon their native lake ;
 And the God showed, in all his bright array,
 Like the glad morning of an autumn day.
 On his broad breast that famous gem he wore,
 Old Ocean's proudest boast in days of yore ;
 O'er the God's mystic mark its blaze it threw,
 And served fair Lakshmi as a mirror too,
 The while she rested on her lotus-seat,
 And in her lap upheld her husband's feet.

¹ This piece is taken from the tenth Canto of the *Raghuvanśa*.

The living weapons, by his side that lie,
 Lifted their voices in triumphant cry ;
 And by his Master's side, his constant place,
 Stood Garud, Monarch of the feathered race :
 Sheathed were his claws, forgotten was his hate
 Of the great Snake that bears his Master's weight.
 Then, as the Saints the chains of slumber broke,
 And from their trance of deep devotion woke,—
 When their bright eyes again with glory shone,
 Cleansing all creatures that they looked upon,—
 He smiled, in answer to the words, address
 With lowly greeting, asking of his rest.
 Then bowed the Gods, and by each heavenly tongue
 The matchless victor of the fiends was sung,
 Worthy of praise in Heaven, and earth below,
 Though none can tell him, and no heart can know :
 “ Glory to thee in triple form adored,
 Creator, Saviour, and Destroying Lord !
 Each of these forms, unchanging God ! is thine,
 E'en as the mystic Triad may assign ;
 So to the rain-drop, coming pure from Heaven,
 Where'er it falls, a different taste is given.
 Boundless ! the world before Thee bounded lies ;
 No wish hast Thou, but bidst the wish arise.
 Victor, unvanquished ! Never seen ! from Thee
 Spring all the creatures that the eye can see.
 Though far away, Thou dwellest in each heart ;
 With no desire, in Penance bearest part.
 Full of compassion, Thou canst feel no woe ;
 Ancient of Days, but age canst never know.

THE ADDRESS TO VISHNU.

77

Omniscient Lord, but known to none art Thou ;
 Subject to none, to Thee all creatures bow.
 Maker of all things, Self-existent still ;
 One, yet the wearer of all forms at will.
 Praised in the seven great hymns, for Thee are spread
 The seven vast Oceans for Thy wondrous bed.
 Thy mouth the seven-fold flame that blazes high ;
 All the seven worlds to Thee for refuge fly.
 All from Thy four-fold mouth, O God, proceed :
 The holy lore that seeks the four-fold meed ;¹
 Time, with its Ages four, from Thee began ;
 From Thee, with four-fold caste, the race of Man.
 O Light, that dwellest in the humble breast,
 Sought by pure Hermits for eternal rest !
 None e'er may know Thee, God without a birth,
 Yet born in many a mortal form on earth.
 God without passions, slayer of Thy foes,
 Awake for ever, sunk in deep repose !
 Thou hast a pleasure in the joys of Sense,
 E'en in the midst of sternest Abstinence ;
 Thou canst look on unmoved, yet come to aid,
 And save from woe, the people Thou hast made.
 What though in Scripture many a way we see
 That leads to Bliss, they all unite in Thee :
 Thus holy Ganga's branching stream is poured,
 By many a channel, to her Ocean lord.
 To those who fix on Thee, their heart and mind,
 And trust in Thee, with every wish resigned,

¹ The four-fold meed is Duty, Wealth, Desire, and Salvation.

Thou art the way that leads to endless joy,
 Which none can lose again, nor time destroy.
 By none that lives Thy glory may be told,
 Whose shade on earth men's wondering eyes behold.
 What tongue can tell Thee ? That Thou art, alone,
 Is from the pages of the Veda known.
 The pearls are brighter than the Sea ; the sun
 Is, in pure lustre, by his rays outdone ;
 So are Thy deeds more glorious than the praise
 Our feeble tongues, O Lord, to Thee can raise.
 What must their gain, who serve Thee Truly, be,
 When souls are cleansed by the mere thought of Thee !
 For the World's good Thy mighty deeds were wrought ;
 All things are Thine, and Thou canst wish for nought :
 Now if no more in praise of Thee we speak,
 Thy glories fail not, but our tongues are weak."

With truthful words the dwellers in the sky
 Thus spoke the praises of the God most High,
 And sought the favour of their Lord to win,
 Who loves the pure from every thought of sin.
 His gracious questions made the suppliants bold ;
 And all their peril, all their grief, they told :—
 How Ravan threatened,¹ like a sea that o'er
 His banks, unbidden, dared his floods to pour.
 Then Vishnu spake. His voice, that echoed round,
 From cave to cave, the din of Ocean drowned.
 His speech came shining through His teeth's white gleam ;
 As from His foot flows Ganga's holy stream :

¹ Rávana was a mighty ten-headed fiend, and King of Lanká, or Ceylon. He was killed by Vishnu, incarnate as Ráma.

THE ADDRESS TO VISHNU.

79

"I know that Ravan scorns you, in his might;
 As mental Darkness conquers Truth and Light.
 Vexed by his rage, the Worlds can find no rest;
 Like a good heart by heedless sin distrest.
 Nor in our common cause need Indra's prayer
 Implore me now the mighty task to share.
 The Wind, uncalled, is ever watching near,
 To be the Fire's own willing charioteer.
 From Brahma's favour, by his Penance won,
 The Demon gained the boon he sought, that none
 Among the Gods should slay him, but forgot
 To guard his life from man, or feared him not.
 I will be born as Dasaratha's child;
 Cleft by my arrows shall his heads be piled,
 Like lotus-flowers, upon the battle-plain,
 And be my offering, when the foe is slain.
 Again, O Gods, the flame in peace shall glow,
 Again shall waft you offerings from below;
 Nor shall the shadowy Fiends that roam by night
 Distress the Priests, or mar the sacred rite.
 No more the Saint, borne in his heavenly car,
 Shall mark the Demon's chariot from afar;
 No more, in fear, to shading clouds shall fly,
 But move at will, untroubled, through the sky.
 Now bid the Maids of Heaven again unbind
 Their locks so long in mournful braids confined:
 Slain by my hand, no more shall Ravan dare
 To seize, with impious grasp, their flowing hair."

THE BIRTH OF RAMA.¹

“The scene changes to earth, where Dasaratha, King of Ayodhya, after a life spent in deeds of virtue, finds his years drawing to a close without any heir to defend his old age or succeed to his crown. A holy *rishi*, or saint, reveals to him that he shall obtain his desires, on performing the *Aswamedha*, or sacrifice of a horse, which occupies such a pre-eminent place in the Hindu religious rites. The sacrifice is accordingly performed, and with the promised result. Dasaratha's three wives became the mothers of four sons, all participating in the divine nature of Vishnu ; but Rama, the eldest, is Vishnu himself.”—*Westminster Review, October 1848*, p. 41.

With costly sacrifice, with praise, and prayer,
 Ayodhya's king had claimed from Heaven an heir ;
 When from the shrine, where burnt the holy flame,
 Scaring the priests, a glorious angel came,
 With arms that trembled as they scarce could hold
 A flood of nectar in a vase of gold :
 A weight too vast for even him to bear,
 For Vishnu's self, the first of Gods, was there.
 With reverent awe the Lord of Kosal's land²
 Received the nectar from the angel's hand,
 As erst Lord Indra from the milky wave
 Took the sweet drink that troubled ocean gave.³

¹ This piece is taken from the tenth Canto of the *Raghuvansá*.

² Kosala was the name of the Kingdom of which Ayodhya was the capital.

³ The *Amrit*, or nectar of the Indian Gods, buried at the Deluge and recovered at the *Churning of the Ocean*. The story is told in the *Mahábhárata* and translated in *Specimens of old Indian Poetry*.

THE BIRTH OF RAMA.

81

Soon as the queens had shared that mystic bowl,
 Hope, sure and steadfast, filled each lady's soul.
 They saw, in dreams, a glorious host who kept
 Their watch around them, as they sweetly slept.
 They mounted skyward on the feathered king,¹
 Who spread a glory with each golden wing,
 And as he shot through plains of ether drew
 The cloudy rack to follow where he flew.
 Now Lakshmi,² with her consort's mystic gem
 Sparkling upon her breast, for love of them
 Came from the skies, and her own radiant hand
 Their slumbering eyelids with a lotus fanned.
 Then from their homes on high—their holy hair
 Damp from the lucid stream that wanders there—
 Came, a glorious dream, the star-throned Seven,²
 Whispering softly of the Lord of Heaven.

Proud waxed the monarch, as each happy queen
 Told the bright visions that her eyes had seen :
 No king, he deemed, with him in bliss could vie ;
 No, nor the father of the earth and sky.

¹ The sacred bird of Vishnu, Garuda by name.

² Lakshmi, Goddess of Beauty and Fortune, was the wife of Vishnu. The mystic gem is called Kaustubha

“the best
 Of gems, that burns with living light
 Upon Lord Vishnu's breast.”

³ The seven great saints who are the stars of the constellation of Ursæ Major. “The seven great saints who star the northern sky.”
—Birth of the War-God.

As many a river lends its silver breast
 Where the calm image of the moon may rest,
 So in the bosom of each lady lay
 That God, divided, who is one for aye.
 Soon, like the luminous herb, which, ere 'tis night,
 Wins from the setting sun a ray of light,¹
 Kausalya² gained a child, a lovely star,
 To chase the shadow of the night afar:
 A babe so bright, that every torch grew dim
 In the queen's chamber, when it shone near him.
 They named him Rama,³ for the child shall bring
 Eternal joy to all who hail him king.
 Then the young mother, languid, pale, and worn,
 Looked, as she nursed her babe, her newly born,
 Like Ganga by the autumn heat opprest,
 With one sweet lotus on her island-breast.
 And queen Kaikeyi bare a noble child,
 Named Bharat, beautiful, and meek, and mild :
 By fond affection and obedience, sent
 To be his mother's pride and ornament :
 Like gentle modesty that lends new grace
 To each dear winning charm of Beauty's face.
 Then queen Sumitra, fairest of the fair,
 Twin children, Lakshman and Satrughna, bare :
 Thus self-control and knowledge spring to light
 When fruitful learning is employed aright.

¹ The setting sun, say the Indian poets, deposits a portion of his light with certain plants which emit luminous rays in his absence,

"Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays

They 've treasured from the sun that's set."—*Lalla Rookh*.

² Kausalya was chief of the three queens of Dasaratha.

³ Rama is derived from the root *Ram*, to sport, take pleasure.

THE BIRTH OF RAMA.

83

The babes were born : then sin and sorrow fled,
 And joy and virtue reigned supreme instead :
 For Vishnu's self disdained not mortal birth,
 And heaven came with him as he came to earth.
 Once more the regions, where each guardian lord
 Had quailed before the giant he abhorred,
 Were cheered with breezes pure from dust and stain,
 And freed from terror hailed a gentler reign.
 The fire was dimmed by cloudy smoke no more,
 And the sun shone untroubled as before.
 But Ravan's Glory poured her sorrows down
 In jewels dropping from the giant's crown ;
 While drums of triumph beaten in the sky
 Woke the king's music to a glad reply ;
 And the first rite to bless the joyful hour
 Was the rich downpour of a fragrant shower
 Of blossoms falling, from the heavenly trees,
 On the proud monarch's gilded galleries.

Graced with the holy rites, and nursed with care,
 As the babes strengthened, fairer and more fair,
 So with their growth increased their father's joy—
 An elder brother to each darling boy.
 Modest by nature, gentle nature's aid
 More modest still the youthful princes made :
 Thus, when the sacred oil its influence lends,
 In brighter spires the hallowed flame ascends.
 With virtues blent in sweet accord to grace
 The ancient line of Raghu's¹ sinless race—

¹ Raghu, the great-grandfather of Rama, was one of the most celebrated of the solar dynasty and has given his name to the family.

As all the seasons of the year combine
 To deck the garden where the Gods recline—
 They loved as brothers in their royal home,
 But still in pairs they ever loved to roam.
 Rama and Lakshman closer ties allied,
 And Bharat wandered by Satrughna's side,
 Linkt in eternal love, like wind and fire,
 Or the dear moon and sea his foster-sire.¹
 As when, at summer's close, dark clouds arise,
 Bringing sweet comfort to men's longing eyes,
 So the fair children won the people's hearts,
 By gentle graces and attractive arts :
 Men deemed that Duty, Profit, Love, and Bliss,
 Had come incarnate from their world to this.
 And with more pride the father's bosom glowed
 For the rare virtues and the love they showed,
 Than for the pearls, in countless tribute poured
 By the four oceans, to delight their lord.

¹ At the *Churning of the Ocean* the moon with other buried treasures was recovered from the Ocean by whom, therefore, it is still regarded with parental affection.

THE FLYING CAR.¹

Then Rama, speeding on his airy road,
 The distant prospect to his darling showed :
 " Look, Sita, look ! Away to Malaya's side
 My causeway parts the Ocean's foamy tide.²
 Thus hast thou seen, on some fair autumn night,
 When heaven is loveliest with its starry light,
 From north to south a cloudy pathway spread,
 Parting the deep dark firmament o'erhead.
 Deep is that Sea ; but deeper still, they say,
 Our glorious fathers dug their eager way,
 Following fast, when Kapil dared to lead³
 Away to Hell their charge, the hallowed steed.
 From the deep Sea the Sun-God draws the rain,
 To pour it down in boundless wealth again.
 And he supports the flame, whose ruthless power
 Will, in ungrateful greed, the wave devour.
 And from his depths arose the silver light
 Of the dear Moon that charms the gazer's sight.

¹ This extract, from the thirteenth canto of the *Raghuvanśa*, describes the return of Ráma, with Sítá (whom he has recovered from Rávana, who had carried her off) from Lanká to Ayodhyá.

² The bridge of rocks thrown across from the mainland to Lanká by Ráma, when he invaded that island, to recover Sítá.

³ When King Sagara was going to perform an *Aśwamedha*, or horse-sacrifice, the sage Kapila drove the intended victim away to the infernal regions, whither Sagara's sons followed, digging there way under the sea.

Changing in form, his waves are now at rest,
 And peace is brooding on his tranquil breast.
 Unknown, unmeasured ! not a tongue can tell
 His might, his nature, when his waters swell,
 From sky to sky when his broad billows roll,
 Boundless as Vishnu who pervades this Whole.
 He lends his broad expanse for Vishnu's bed,
 Whene'er, with rolling years, and age has fled ;
 When, all the worlds absorbed, the God Supreme,
 Lost in self-contemplation, sinks to dream.
 Whose glorious praise the Great Creator sings,
 Couched on the lotus from his breast that springs.
 He can protect. When Indra's bolt had shorn¹
 The proud Hills' pinions from their sides, and torn
 Their rugged breasts, to him, in fear, they fled,
 And found sure refuge in his gloomy bed.
 And he can love. No bridegroom ever gave
 Close kisses fast as his, whose eager wave
 Drinks up the river's lips, and, foaming o'er,
 Leaps, in a storm of passion, on the shore.
 Look, Sita, look ! Those monsters of the deep
 Close by the river's mouth their station keep.
 Soon as the waves have reached them, they have quaffed
 Water and fish together at a draught.
 Now see ! They shut their mouths, while, gushing out
 From openings in their heads, high fountains spout.
 Look ! As one moment o'er the wave they rise,
 With their broad backs, like elephants in size,

¹ The hills had wings, till Indra cut them off with his thunderbolt.

The parted foam-drops on their cheeks appear
 Like chowries waving round each monster's ear.¹
 Look how the Serpents lift their heads on high,
 To catch the breezes as they wander by!
 Curled like the curling waves on which they rest,
 The eye would miss them, but each glittering crest
 Catches a brightness from the sun, that throws
 A glory on it, till each jewel glows.
 See how the billows, in their furious swell,
 Have cast on trees of Coral many a shell
 That clings to branches, with thy lips that vie,
 And there, with amorous clasp, would cling and die.
 See! In a moment, in this magic car,
 We reach the strand that seemed but now so far,
 Where groves of betel trees in order grow,
 Hanging the burthen of their branches low,
 And, cast by tempests from their ocean-bed,
 Uncovered pearls upon the sands are spread.
 Now, gentle Sita, let thy look be cast
 Back o'er the way our flying car has past.
 That land, that 's green with many a waving tree,
 Seems to be rising from a distant sea.
 Look ! As I will, my heavenly chariot flies :
 Now by the God's own path it nears the skies,
 Now with the flight of birds its course it keeps,
 Now skims the road the cloudy tempest sweeps.
 Dost thou not feel the cool wind breathing now,
 Sweet with the odours of Airavat's brow,²

¹ A chowrie is a long brush used to whisk off flies.

² Airávata is Indra's elephant.

THE FLYING CAR.

And, damped by waves of Ganga's triple stream,
 Cooling thy forehead 'neath the morning's beam ?
 Look, look ! Thy hand, upon the chariot placed,
 With a new ornament is sweetly graced ;
 For this dark cloud, which flashing lightning rings,
 Upon thy round fair arm its beauty flings.
 And see ! The Hermits, in their bark-coats drest,
 In their own homes, so long deserted, rest :
 Secure, again their leafy cots they rear ;
 For through the forest now is nought to fear.
 There, in my frantic search¹ for thee, I found
 Thy well known anklet : but its silvery sound
 Was heard no longer ; and it seemed to me
 Hushed in sad silence because far from thee.
 The trees, in pity for my wild distress,
 Guided my footsteps through the wilderness :
 Their leaves all scattered and their branches bent
 By the fierce giant,² showed the way he went ;
 And startled deer forbore the tender spray,
 Looked towards the South, and told the robber's way.
 Madly I climbed the mountain-peaks that frown
 Before us yonder ; rain was pouring down,
 And tears, like rain, from me. I sought thee there,
 And, mourning for my darling, scarce could bear
 The sweet cool smell of lakes and pleasant showers,
 The beauty and the perfume of the flowers,
 And all delights of sight, and sound, and smell ;
 For, without Sita, Heaven itself were Hell.

¹ When Sítá was carried off by Rávána.² Rávána.

Yet my soul bore from mountain caves the loud
 Re-echoed bellowing of the thunder-cloud ;
 Though, at the sound, rose scenes of past delight,
 As I remembered, in the stormy night
 How my love nestled nearer and more near,
 Roused from her slumber by its voice of fear.
 Then, as a mist o'erspread the steaming earth,
 And many a bright bud quickly sprang to birth,
 Within my tortured breast the past would rise,
 And stab me with the memory of thine eyes,
 Flashing through clouds of incense smoke, that lay
 Floating around thee on our bridal day.

“ Look far before us. See the distant gleam,
 Through the thick reeds, of Pampa’s silver stream.
 There, on the bank, I saw two Love-birds play,
 And feed each other with a lotus-spray.
 ‘ Ah ! happy birds ! ’ I sighed, ‘ whom cruel fate
 Dooms not to sorrow for an absent mate.’
 Well I remember, in my wild despair
 I thought a bright Asoka glowing there
 Was Sita, was my dearest : Lakshman¹ clung
 Around my neck, or I had wildly sprung,
 With a great cry, to meet thee, and caress
 Its full round clusters for my darling’s breast.
 See ! Panchavati, with its gazing deer,
 Delight my soul again ; for it was here
 My gentle Sita used, of old, to bring,
 For her young trees, fresh water from the spring.

¹ Ráma’s brother.

See troops of cranes, from sweet Godavari's shore
 Lured by thy tinkling music, upwards soar.
 The golden bells that hang upon thy feet
 Guiding their flight, they come my love to greet.
 O pleasant bank, O well-remembered place,
 Where I so often, wearied with the chase,
 Would throw me on the grass, and, while my brow
 Was fanned by breezes from the river, thou
 Wouldst talk so sweetly ; and my head was laid
 Upon thy lap, at evening, in the shade.
 There was the Sage's home, whose very frown
 From Indra's Heaven hurled mighty Nahush down :
 Before his glance—so pure that holy man—
 The muddy water clear and limpid ran.
 See, through the trees, that shade its breast, the cool
 Delicious waves of Satakarni's pool
 Gleaming, half hidden by the boughs, as gleams
 The moon when cloudlets partly veil his beams.
 'T is said, the Saint, who shared the food of deer,
 Filled Indra's jealous breast with doubt and fear,
 Till five fair maids of Swarga's lovely train¹
 Were sent to snare his soul, nor sent in vain.
 In summer-houses 'neath the lake he dwells ;
 Thence, upward floating, sweetest music swells.
 Hark, how the melody and moving song
 Make the car echo, as it flies along.
 There dwells a Hermit, pious, pure, and good,
 Scorched by four blazing fires that burn the wood,

¹ Swarga is Indra's Heaven.

THE FLYING CAR.

91

While on his head a fifth, the God of Day,
 Pours down the fury of his ruthless ray.
 See, bound to silence by his holy vow,
 He bends in answer, as my head I bow,
 Looks, for a moment, as we pass, and then
 Fixes his gaze upon the Sun again.
 There is a grove, the pure and safe abode
 Where Sarabhanga's fire for ever glowed :
 Long, long with wood the sacred flames he fed,
 Then gave his holy body in its stead.
 Still round his cottage, like an honoured band,
 Laden with fruit, the trees, his daughters, stand.
 Now to the left, dear Sita, turn thine eyes,
 Where Chitrakuta's lofty peaks arise.
 Like some proud bull, he lifts his haughty crest :
 See the dark cave, his mouth, and shaggy breast :
 Now, like a clod in furious charge upturn,
 A cloud is hanging on his mighty horn.
 See, how the river, with its lucid streams,
 Like a pearl necklace, round the mountain gleams.
 There lies the wood where holy Atri lives,
 And all his days to strictest Penance gives.
 In that pure grove a thousand creatures roam,
 And fear no evil in their sacred home.
 There the blest trees await no bud's delay,
 But burst to fruit on every laden spray.
 There is the spot where Anusuya led
 Ganga from heaven, the crown of Siva's head,—
 Ganga, whose lotuses are plucked on high
 By the great Seven who star the northern sky.

Here rolling down, the heavenly river gave,
 To bathe the Saints, her purifying wave.
 Upon their holy seats the Saints are still;
 And thoughts of God their tranquil bosoms fill.
 The trees that shade the altar move no spray,
 And seem all lost in holy thought as they.
 Look! From that tree with leaves of rosy red,
 I twined a garland for my darling's head.
 That fig-tree mark, with leaves of emerald green,
 And fruit like rubies shining bright between:
 Dost thou remember how thy prayer was prayed
 For me, sweet love, beneath its friendly shade?
 Now see the waves of Jumna's stream divide
 The fair-limbed Ganga's heaven-descended tide;
 Distinct, though joined,—bright gleaming in the sun,—
 Like pearls with sapphires mixed, the rivers run.
 Thus, intertwined, the azure lotus through
 Crowns of white lilies pours its shade of blue:
 Thus, 'mid the swans that float on Manas lake
 Shine the dark gold-shot glories of the drake:
 As though on Earth's fair brow, with hues more dark,
 A line of ochre crossed the sandal mark:
 Or like the Moon, whose silver radiance steals
 Through the dark cloud that half its face conceals:
 Or as a row of Autumn clouds, between
 Whose shifting ranks the blue of heaven is seen:
 Or Siva's body, with white ashes, round
 Whose form a serpent's sable coils are wound:
 Thus Ganga shines. So holy is the place
 Where Ocean's waves, with meeting streams, embrace,

THE FLYING CAR.

93

That he who quits his mortal body here,—
 His mind, by bathing, from his sin washed clear,—
 E'en without knowledge of the Godhead, gains
 Eternal freedom from the body's chains.
 And there runs Sarju's stream, which, Sages say
 Flows from the lake of Brahma, far away,
 Whose golden lotuses sweet dust provide
 To stain the bosom of each Yaksha's bride¹ :
 With many an altar on her hallowed shores,
 To fair Ayodha's town her waves she pours,
 Dear to my filial heart, O mother mine,
 O common mother of our royal line !
 Upon thine island-breasts we all were nursed,
 And from thy bounteous streams we quenched our thirst.
 Now gently smiling, as my mother smiled,
 Welcome, with sweet cool breath, thy banished child ! ”

¹The Yakshas are demigods, attending especially on the God Kuvera, and employed in the care of his gardens and treasures. Another of their functions is to serve the chariot of the Sun.

KUSA AND LAVA.¹

'T was very sweet to Rama's heart, at eve
The cares of council and of state to leave,
And, with his queen, the bright-eyed Sita, roam
Through the long chambers of his happy home,
And, in the pictures that adorned the hall,
Their woes and wanderings in the wood recall,
With the sweet feeling that remembered ill
Makes present pleasure more delightful still.

Then, day by day, the husband's hope grew high,
Gazing with love on Sita's melting eye :
With anxious care he saw her pallid cheek,
And fondly bade her all her wishes speak.
'Once more I fain would see,' the lady cried,
'The sacred groves that rise on Ganga's side,
Where holy grass is ever fresh and green,
And cattle feeding on the rice are seen ;
There would I rest awhile where once I strayed
Linked in sweet friendship to each hermit maid.'

And Rama smiled upon his wife and sware,
With many a tender oath, to grant her prayer.

It chanced, one evening, from a lofty seat
He viewed Ayodhya stretched before his feet :

¹ This extract is taken from the fourteenth canto of the *Raghuvanśa*.

He looked with pride upon the royal road
 Lined with gay shops their glittering stores that showed,
 He looked on Sarju's silver waves, that bore
 The light barks flying with the sail and oar ;
 He saw the gardens near the town that lay,
 Filled with glad citizens and boys at play.
 Then swelled the monarch's bosom with delight,
 And his heart triumphed at the happy sight.
 He turned to Bhadra, standing by his side,—
 Upon whose secret news the king relied,—
 And bade him say what people said and thought
 Of all the exploits that his arm had wrought.

The spy was silent, but, when questioned still,
 Thus spake, obedient to his master's will ;
 ' For all thy deeds in peace and battle done
 The people praise thee, King, except for one :
 This only act of all thy life they blame,—
 Thy welcome home of her, thy ravished dame.'
 Like iron yielding to the iron's blow,
 Sank Rama, smitten by those words of woe.
 His breast, where love and fear for empire vied,
 Swayed, like a rapid swing, from side to side.
 Shall he this rumour scorn, which blots his life,
 Or banish her, his dear and spotless wife ?
 But rigid Duty left no choice between
 His perilled honour and his darling queen.
 Called to his side, his brothers wept to trace
 The marks of anguish in his altered face.
 No longer bright and glorious as of old,
 He thus addressed them when the tale was told :

'Alas ! my brothers, that my life should blot
The fame of those the Sun himself begot ;
As from the labouring cloud the driven rain
Leaves on the mirror's polished face a stain.
E'en as an elephant who loathes the stake
And the strong chain he has no power to break,
I cannot brook this cry on every side,
That spreads like oil upon the moving tide.
I leave the daughter of Videha's King,¹
And the fair blossom soon from her to spring,
As erst, obedient to my sire's command,
I left the empire of the sea-girt land.
Good is my queen, and spotless ; but the blame
Is hard to bear, the mockery and the shame.
Men blame the pure Moon for the darkened ray,
When the black shadow takes the light away.
And, O my brothers, if ye wish to see
Rama live long from this reproach set free,
Let not your pity labour to control
The firm sad purpose of his changeless soul.'

Thus Rama spake. The sorrowing brothers heard
His stern resolve, without an answering word ;
For none among them dared his voice to raise,
That will to question :—and they could not praise.
'Beloved brother,' thus the monarch cried
To his dear Lakshman, whom he called aside,—
Lakshman, who knew no will save his alone

¹ Sita was the adopted daughter of Janaka, King of Videhá or Mithilá.

Whose hero deeds through all the world were known :—
 ‘ My queen has told me that she longs to rove.
 Beneath the shade of Saint Valmiki’s grove¹ :
 Now mount thy car, away my lady bear ;
 Tell all, and leave her in the forest there.’

The car was brought, the gentle lady smiled,
 As the glad news her trusting heart beguiled.
 She mounted up : Sumantra held the reins ;
 And forth the coursers bounded o’er the plains.
 She saw green fields in all their beauty dressed,
 And thanked her husband in her loving breast.
 Alas ! deluded queen ! she little knew
 How changed was he whom she believed so true ;
 How one she worshipped like the Heavenly Tree
 Could, in a moment’s time, so deadly be.
 Her right eye throbbed,—ill-omened sign, to tell
 The endless loss of him she loved so well,
 And to the lady’s saddening heart revealed
 The woe that Lakshman, in his love, concealed.
 Pale grew the bloom of her sweet face,—as fade
 The lotus blossoms,—by that sign dismayed.
 ‘ Oh, may this omen,’—was her silent prayer,—
 ‘ No grief to Rama or his brothers bear ! ’

When Lakshman, faithful to his brother, stood
 Prepared to leave her in the distant wood,
 The holy Ganga, flowing by the way,
 Raised all her hands of waves to bid him stay.

¹ Valmiki is the author of the *Rámáyana*.

At length with sobs and burning tears that rolled
 Down his sad face, the King's command he told ;
 As when a monstrous cloud, in evil hour,
 Rains from its labouring womb a stony shower.
 She heard, she swooned, she fell upon the earth,
 Fell on that bosom whence she sprang to birth.
 As, when the tempest in its fury flies,
 Low in the dust the prostrate creeper lies,
 So, struck with terror, sank she on the ground,
 And all her gems, like flowers, lay scattered round.
 But Earth, her mother,¹ closed her stony breast,
 And, filled with doubt, denied her daughter rest.
 She would not think the Chief of Raghu's race
 Would thus his own dear guiltless wife disgrace.
 Stunned and unconscious, long the lady lay,
 And felt no grief, her senses all astray.
 But gentle Lakshman, with a brother's care,
 Brought back her sense, and with her sense, despair.
 Oh, happier far that stupor of the brain
 Than life and knowledge that are only pain !
 But not her wrongs, her shame, her grief, could wring
 One angry word against her lord the King :
 Upon herself alone the blame she laid,
 For tears and sighs that would not yet be stayed.
 To soothe her anguish Lakshman gently strove ;
 He showed the path to Saint Valmiki's grove ;

¹ The Earth was, in a special way, the mother of Sítá who was—
 “ Not of woman born ;

Found in the furrow as they ploughed the earth.”

—Rámáyána.

And craved her pardon for the share of ill
 He wrought, obedient to his brother's will.
 'O, long and happy, dearest brother, live !
 I have to praise,' she cried, 'and not forgive :
 To do his will should be thy noblest praise ;
 As Vishnu ever Indra's will obeys.
 Return, dear brother : on each royal dame¹
 Bestow a blessing in poor Sita's name,
 And bid them, in their love, kind pity take
 Upon her offspring, for the father's sake.
 And speak my message in the monarch's ear,
 The last last words of mine that he shall hear :
 ' Say, was it worthy of thy noble race
 Thy guiltless queen thus lightly to disgrace ?
 For idle tales to spurn thy faithful bride,
 Whose constant truth the searching fire had tried ?²
 Or may I hope thy soul refused consent,
 And but thy voice decreed my banishment ?
 Hope that no care could turn, no love could stay
 The lightning stroke that falls on me to-day ?
 That sins committed in the life that's fled
 Have brought this evil on my guilty head ?
 Thou leftest Fortune, by thy side who stood,
 To roam with Sita through the dreary wood ;
 And the proud Queen has laboured to destroy,
 In jealous rage, her happier rival's joy.

¹ The mother and two step-mothers of Ráma.

² After her return from her imprisonment in Lanka, Sita passed triumphantly the ordeal of fire.

Of old, fair women, by the Fiend oppressed,
 Sought Rama's wife for safety and for rest.
 From whom, when thou art living, shall she crave
 The aid and pitying love that once she gave ?
 Think not I value now my widowed life,
 Worthless to her who once was Rama's wife.
 I only live because I hope to see
 The dear dear babe that will resemble thee.
 And then my task of penance shall be done,
 With eyes uplifted to the scorching sun ;
 So shall the life that is to come restore
 Mine own dear husband, to be lost no more.'
 One thought remains my widowed heart to cheer,
 Though far from thee, and home, and all that's dear.
 Still in her cell the poor recluse will share
 Rama's protection and his watchful care :
 For monarchs ever must defend from ill
 The Castes and Orders : such is Manu's will.'

And Lakshman swore her every word to tell,
 Then turned to go, and bade the queen farewell.
 Alone with all her woes, her piteous cries
 Rose like a butchered lamb's that struggling dies.
 The reverend sage¹ who from his dwelling came
 For sacred grass and wood to feed the flame,
 Heard her loud shrieks that rent the echoing wood,
 And, quickly following, by the mourner stood.
 Before the sage the lady bent her low,
 Dried her poor eyes, and strove to calm her woe.

¹ Válmiki.

With blessings on her hopes the blameless man
 In silver tones his soothing speech began :
 ' The woes, the wrongs of Rama's banished Queen,
 With more than mortal ken my soul hath seen.
 But let not sorrow fill thy gentle breast ;
 Thy father's halls again shall give thee rest.
 Thy Lord the terror of the Worlds o'erthrew :
 He is no boaster ; and his word is true.
 For this I love him ; but for this I blame,
 That he has doomed thee to this cruel shame.
 Thy husband's sire was once my chosen friend ;
 Thy father's arms the good from woe defend :
 First of all faithful wives, O Queen, art thou ;
 And can I fail to mourn thy sorrows now ?
 Rest in this holy grove, nor harbour fear
 Where dwell in safety e'en the timid deer.
 Here shall thine offspring safely see the light,
 And be partaker of each holy rite.
 Here, near the hermits' dwellings, shalt thou lave
 Thy limbs in Tonse's sin-destroying wave,
 And on her isles, by prayer and worship, gain
 Sweet peace of mind, and rest from care and pain.
 Each hermit-maiden, with her sweet soft voice,
 Shall soothe thy woe, and bid thy heart rejoice :
 With fruit and early flowers thy lap shall fill,
 And offer grain that springs for us at will.
 And here, with labour light, thy task shall be
 To water carefully each tender tree,
 And learn how sweet a nursing mother's joy,
 Ere on thy bosom rest thy darling boy.'

* * * *

That very night the banished Sita bare
Two royal children, most divinely fair.

* * * *

The saint Valmiki, with a friend's delight,
Graced Sita's offspring with each holy rite.
Kusa and Lava—such the names they bore—
Learnt, e'en in childhood, all the Vedas' lore ;
And then the bard, their minstrel souls to train,
Taught them to sing his own immortal strain.
And Rama's deeds her boys so sweetly sang,
That Sita's breast forgot her bitterest pang.

* * * *

Then Sita's children, by the saint's command,
Sang the Ramayan, wandering through the land.
How could the glorious poem fail to gain
Each heart, each ear that listened to the strain !
So sweet each minstrel's voice who sang the praise
Of Rama deathless in Valmiki's lays.

Rama himself amid the wondering throng
Marked their fair forms, and loved the noble song,
While, still and weeping, round the nobles stood,
As on a windless morn, a dewy wood.
On the two minstrels all the people gazed,
Praised their fair looks and marvelled as they praised ;
For every eye amid the throng could trace
Rama's own image in each youthful face.
Then spoke the King himself and bade them say
Who was their teacher, whose the wondrous lay.
Soon as Valmiki, mighty saint, he saw,
He bowed his head in reverential awe.

'These are thy children,' cried the saint, 'recall
Thine own dear Sita, pure and true through all.'
'O holy father,' thus the King replied,
'The faithful lady by the fire was tried;
But the foul demon's too successful arts
Raised light suspicions in my people's hearts.
Grant that their breasts may doubt her faith no more,
And thus my Sita and her sons restore.'

MOTHER AND SON.¹

Soon as the tents were reached, each royal chief
Found his sad widowed mother, bowed by grief ;
Like two fond creepers, left to pine alone,
Dead the fair tree round which their arms were thrown.
Then, as, in tender love, each hero prest
His long-lost mother to his throbbing breast,
Scarce could her eyes, with long long weeping dim,
See through her gushing tears, see even him :
But, as he fell upon her neck, she smiled,
And by his touch the mother knew her child.

¹ From the fourteenth canto of the *Raghuvanśa*.

THE DESERTED CITY.¹

Seat of his rule," 't was thus the form replied,
 " The fair Ayodhya was thy father's pride :
 Reft of her lord, thy city lies forlorn ;
 And I, her Goddess, o'er her glories mourn.
 Ah, for my palmy days ! My fate was high :
 Kuvera's city was not blest as I.
 The realm was happy ; and a joyful throng
 Made my streets merry with the feast and song.
 Sad is the sight, that city once so fair !
 A hundred palaces lie ruined there :
 Her lofty towers are fallen ; and creepers grow
 O'er marble dome and shattered portico.
 Now, since her heedless lord is far away,
 She looks as gloomy as the close of day,
 When falls the sun behind the western hill,
 And threatening clouds the air with horror fill.
 Once, with their tinkling zones and painted feet,
 Gay bands of women thronged the royal street :
 Now, through the night the hungry jackal prowls,
 And seeks his scanty prey with angry howls.
 Once there was music in the plashing wave
 Of lakes, where maidens loved their limbs to lave ;

¹ This piece is taken from the sixteenth canto of the *Raghuvanśa*. Kuśa, son of Rāma, has chosen a new capital, and deserted the capital of his ancestors, Ayodhyā, whose guardian Goddess appears and remonstrates.

But now those waters echo with the blows
 Struck by the horns of savage buffaloes.
 Once the tame peacock showed his glittering crest
 ' Mid waving branches, where he loved to rest:
 The ruthless flame has laid those branches low,
 And marred his feathers and their golden glow :
 The drum is silent that he loved to hear,
 And gone the mistress whom he held so dear.
 Once on my marble floor girls loved to place
 The painted foot, and leave its charming trace :
 Now the fell tigress strains, with dripping gore
 Of kids just slaughtered, that neglected floor.
 Till now, as painted by the artist's hand,
 The pictured elephants at pasture stand :
 Each from his partner seems with love to take
 The lotus, gathered by the silver lake :
 So true to life, that lions, prowling round,
 Spring at their foreheads with a furious bound,
 And with their claws the painted temples tear,
 As if the driver's steel had marked them there.
 In those dear days, with tints of nature warm,
 In marble statues lived fair woman's form :
 Alas ! those tints are faded now, and dim,
 And gathering dust obscures each rounded limb ;
 While the cast skins of serpents form a vest
 That hides the beauties of each statue's breast.
 How sweet the moon-beams used, of old, to fall,
 With silvering light, on terrace, roof, and wall !
 But now, neglected, there the grass grows wild,
 The roofs are shattered, and with dust defiled.

THE DESERTED CITY.

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Pure shine those rays, and silvery, as of yore,
But find their light reflected there no more.
Once in my gardens lovely girls, at play,
Culled the bright flowers, and gently touched the spray ;
But now wild monkeys, in their savage joy,
Tread down the blossoms, and the plants destroy,
By night no torches in the windows gleam ;
By day no women in their beauty beam :
The smoke has ceased; the spider there has spread
His snares in safety :—and all else is dead.”

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THE LADIES' BATH.¹

" See, no more languid with the heat of day,
 A hundred fair ones, all mine own, at play
 In Sarju's waves, which, tinted with the dyes
 That graced their bosoms, mock the evening skies,
 When dark clouds roll along, and, rolling, show,
 Upon their skirts, the lines of sunset's glow.
 Stirred by their play, the gently rippling wave
 Steals from their eyes the dye the pencil gave;
 But quick the light of love and joy returns,
 And each moist eye with brighter lustre burns.
 See, as they revel in their merry sport,
 Their bracelets' weight the girls can scarce support,
 Well nigh o'erladen with their wealth of charms,—
 Their broad full bosom, their voluptuous arms.
 Look, how the flower that decked that lady's ear
 Slips from her loosened hair, and, floating near
 The river's bank, deceives the fish that feeds
 On the sweet buds of trailing water-weeds.
 To meet the wave, their heads the bathers bend,
 And the large drops adown their cheeks descend :
 You scarce can tell them from the pearls that deck—
 So pure and bright are they—each lady's neck.
 Now at one view I see the beauties there,
 That poet-lovers in their lays compare :

¹ From the sixteenth canto of the *Raghuvanśa*.

The curling ripples of the waves, that show
 Her eye-brow's arching beauty, as they flow ;
 The two fond love-birds, on the wave that rest,
 And the twin beauties of a lady's breast.
 I hear the sound of flashing waves, that comes
 Mixed with sweet singing, like the roll of drums.
 The peacocks, listening on the shore, rejoice,
 Spread their broad tails, and raise the answering voice.
 Still the girls' jewelled zones are gleaming bright,
 Like stars, when moonbeams shed their pearly light.
 But now no more the melody can ring
 Upon those waists, to which the garments cling.
 Showing their graceful forms : the water fills
 The bells that tinkled, and their music stills.
 Look ! there a band of ladies, bolder grown,
 O'er a friend's head a watery stream have thrown ;
 And the drenched girl, her long black hair untied,
 Wrings out the water with the sandal dyed.
 Still is their dress most lovely, though their play
 Has loosed their locks, and washed the dye away,
 And though the pearls, that wont their neck to grace,
 Have slipped, disordered, from their resting-place."

II
FROM THE MAHÁBHÁRATA.

SAVITRI.

So passing fair the young Savitri grew,
That all adored her, but none thought to woo.
No lovelier nymph e'er left her native skies,
To dazzle mortals with her heavenly eyes ;
And how might e'en the proudest chieftain dare
To woo a Princess so divinely fair ?

His child, unsought in pride of maiden bloom,
Cast o'er her father's soul a shade of gloom.
“ My child,” he cried, “ I heard an ancient Sage
Read forth this text from Scripture's holy page :
‘ Shame on the son whose widowed mother prays
For aid from others in her lonely days.
Shame on the sire whose daughter mourns her fate,
Her hand unoffered, doomed to weep and wait.’
Now choose a bridegroom from some princely line,
Whose youth and beauty may be matched with thine.
Go forth, my child, and let thy worthy choice
Remove this shame, and make my soul rejoice.”

Her head she bowed, her eyes she downward cast,
Then, as he bade her, from his presence passed.
O'er many a plain her gold-bright car she drove,
Through field and forest, through the sacred grove ;
Greeting the sages whom she chanced to meet,
And pouring treasures at their holy feet.

Back to her father's halls the lady came,
 Where the wise Narad, Saint of mighty fame,
 Sitting in converse with her sire she found,
 And bowed her head, in worship, to the ground.
 " Say, dearest daughter," thus the monarch cried,
 " What chief has won thee for his promised bride :
 His name, his country, and his race declare ;
 And pray the Saint to bless the princely pair."
 In sweet soft accents thus the royal maid,
 As 't were a God's, her sire's command obeyed :
 " O'er his glad people, ere the evil day,
 The lord of Salwa reigned with equal sway.
 Just, good, and honoured for his virtues, Fame
 Still loves to cherish Dyumatsena's name.
 Hard was his fate, with sightless eyes to mourn
 His ravished kingdom, friendless and forlorn.
 Forth from his royal home, unkinged, he fled
 Where his sad wife his trembling footsteps led ;
 Then, in a grove, amid a distant wild,
 He lived for Penance, with his wife and child.
 There grew to manhood Satyavan, their son :
 He is my bridegroom, he my chosen one."
 " Ah ! " cried the Saint, " the maiden little knows
 What grief that choice will bring, what bitter woes.
 What though all graces and all gifts combined
 Adorn his person and exalt his mind ;
 Learned and patient, truthful, firm and wise,
 And brave as Indra's self who rules the skies ;
 Pious and dutiful, of lofty soul,
 With every passion kept in due control ;

Gentle and modest, beautiful and strong,
 The friend of virtue, and the foe of wrong ;
 But, ah ! no virtue and no charm has power
 To save the hero from the fated hour.
 This day returning, when a year has fled,
 Shall see that hero numbered with the dead.”
 “ Go forth, dear daughter,” cried the King, “ again :
 This blot is fatal, and thy choice is vain.”
 “ No,” cried the princess ; “ once the die must fall ;
 And the maid’s love is given once for all.
 Whether his days be many, or be few,
 My heart has chosen, and my love is true.”

Her heart was fixed, her purpose changeless still ?
 And the King yielded to his daughter’s will.
 She married him she loved, nor mourned her lot,
 To leave a palace for a hermit’s cot.
 Proud in her choice, no rising tear could dim
 Her bright eyes, happy when she looked on him.
 Her gentle limbs in hermit’s garb were drest ;
 No jewels sparkled on the lady’s breast :
 So meek, so lovely, with her tender care
 She gained the heart of every dweller there.

Nearer and nearer came that awful day
 When ruthless fate must snatch her lord away.
 It came. Unconscious of his doom he stood,
 And smiled upon her ere he sought the wood.
 She stayed his parting steps, and cried “ Mine own,
 I cannot leave thee. Go not forth alone.
 And you, dear parents, let me go, I pray ;
 I cannot bear to leave my lord to-day.

Ne'er from this garden have my footsteps strayed ;
 I long to see the forest and the shade."

Her smiling lip a breaking heart belied :
 She left the cottage at her husband's side.
 "O see the peacocks," thus he cried, "unfold,
 In glittering glory, all their green and gold ;
 See that pure rivulet that wanders through
 Beds of sweet flowers of every brilliant hue."

But still on him her anxious eye was bent,
 While love and fear in twain her bosom rent.

He gathered fruit in many a tangled dell,
 And mighty boughs beneath his hatchet fell.
 His brow grew heated as he toiled amain,
 And through his temples shot a sudden pain.
 "Dearest," he cried, "such torture racks my head,
 My limbs are weary, and my heart seems dead."

She sate, and laid his head upon her breast,
 And, full of anguish, lulled her lord to rest.
 Soon as she raised her eyes, with shuddering awe,
 A fearful shape before her stand she saw.
 Bright as the sun his fearful visage glowed,
 And red like blood his wild apparel showed.
 Crowned like a king, he looked no earthly lord ;
 He held no sceptre, but a noose of cord.
 He stood terrific by her husband's side,
 And with a look of fire the sleeper eyed.
 Upon the ground she laid her husband's head,
 Sprang up with suppliant hands, and trembling said
 "In guise like thine no mortal shapes appear :
 What God art thou, and wherefore art thou here ?"

" Won by thy virtues, good and faithful dame,
 I speak," he answered, " and declare my name.
 Yama am I, the God of Death, whose sway
 All creatures own that see the light of day.
 His hour is come; and I am here to bear
 Far hence the spirit that I may not spare.
 I could not leave so bright and pure a soul
 To my fierce angels and their wild control."
 Thus Yama spoke, and, bending to the ground,
 Fast in the noose the sleeper's spirit bound.
 Then lay the body motionless and dead,
 All the grace vanished and the beauty fled.
 Then Yama southward turned his steps; and still
 Savitri followed, with unchanging will.

" Turn back, sweet lady, turn thy steps," he cried:
 " Full well this day thy faith and love has tried.
 Go, and at home his funeral rites prepare;
 No further duty claims thy tender care."
 " The path he chooses, or by force is led,
 Still will his wife," she said, " unflinching tread.
 Still let me follow, if my fear of sin
 And love of virtue may thy favour win.
 Seven steps together given a sacred claim—
 Thus say the wise—to friendship's honoured name."
 " Charmed by thy words," he cried, " a boon I give:
 Ask what thou wilt, except that he may live."
 " My husband's sire," she said, " still mourns the day
 That left him eyeless, to his foes a prey.
 Grant that his realm may hail its rightful lord,
 His glory doubled and his sight restored."

"I grant thy prayer," he cried : " return, fair saint,
Lest thy limbs fail thee, and thy spirit faint."

"Can I be weary, when my lord is near?

"Lead on," she cried, "and still with favour hear.
The best religion is to injure nought
That lives on earth, in deed, or word, or thought :
This is religion ; and the good will show
Mercy and kindness to their bitter foe."

"Well hast thou said," cried Yama : "ask again,
And, save his life, thou shalt not ask in vain."

"Grant that a hundred sons of noble fame
May spread the glories of my father's name."

'T was thus she spoke. Nor Yama's voice delayed
To grant the boon the gentle lady prayed.

Once more he bade her go, nor longer stay,
So far the distance, and so rough the way.

"I know not distance, if my lord be by;
No way is rough," she said, "if he be nigh.
Onward, still onward, speeds my eager mind ;
Still let my words a gracious hearing find.

Though, King of justice, offspring of the Sun,
Lookest with equal eye on every one.

Those who are wise will ever place their trust,
Not in themselves, but in the good and just.

Gladly to these their trusting love they give,
Whose loving kindness blesses all that live."

"Wise are thy words : ne'er yet spake woman so :
Ask once again," he said, "and homeward go."

"Grant me," she cried, "to my dear lord to bear
Sons strong, and virtuous, and brave, and fair."

"Yea, goodly sons," cried he, "thy halls shall throng :
 Now go, sweet lady; for the way is long."

"No, Yama, no; the good, at duty's call,
 Press firmly onward, and persist through all.
 Though the heart languish, and the foot be weak,
 Through toil and danger still their way they seek.
 But, oh! what comfort, in the hour of fear
 If some good brother come, their road to cheer!
 The good, prevailing by their truth and worth,
 Guide the bright Day-God and uphold the earth:
 The worlds for safety on the good rely;
 And the good faint not when the good are nigh."

"So sweet thy words are, I no more refuse
 To grant," he said, "the boon that thou shalt choose."

"Now shall my soul be glad, my heart rejoice:
 No limit now," she cried, "confines my choice.
 All joys I spurn, when severed from my love,
 All raptures here below, all bliss above.
 Now, Yama, now the boon I long for give,
 And let my Satyavan, my dearest, live."

Then answered YAMA: "O thou faithful wife,
 For thy dear sake I grant thy husband's life.
 Blest, very blest, with thee he long shall reign,
 And, just and pious, fame and glory gain.
 Thy children shall be kings; and thou shalt be
 Rich in the blessings that I promised thee."

The God departed; and the lady sped
 Back to the spot where lay her husband dead.
 Over his side she bent, his hand she pressed,
 And laid his head upon her beating breast.

Then life, returning, warmed once more his frame,
 And sense and knowledge to their mansion came.
 On her he gazed with fond and wondering eyes,
 Like one who long has roamed 'neath distant skies,
 And cried "How long have I been sleeping here?
 Where is that shape that filled my soul with fear?
 At early morn I left our home with thee;
 This fruit I gathered, and I felled this tree;
 Then, faint with toil, I sank upon thy breast:
 This I remember: tell me all the rest.
 Say, did I see, or sleeping fancy draw,
 That swarthy form that fills me yet with awe?"
 "Rise up," she answered, "from the chilly ground;
 The shades of night are closing fast around:
 See, the damp dews upon thy raiment fall;
 At morn, my dearest, I will tell thee all.
 Hark! the night-roaming beasts already prowl:
 How my heart flutters at their angry howl!"
 "Yes, dark and fearful is the wood," he cried;
 "And how can I thy feeble footsteps guide?"
 "A tree," she said, "stood burning, as we came.
 The wind has fanned it, and I see the flame.
 I'll fetch a brand, a fire to kindle here.
 The wood is ready: grieve not, husband dear.
 Still art thou weak. Then rest we here to-night,
 And homeward go with morning's earliest light"
 "The pain has left me, and my limbs are strong:
 Come, let us haste," he said; "we stay too long.
 Ne'er have I stayed from home so long away:
 My mother mourns me since the close of day."

Think with what anguish she must weep and wait,
 Who oft has fondly chid me : ' Why so late ?
 Thou art our staff ; on thee our hopes depend ;
 By thee we live ; with thee our lives must end.'
 " Come dear, Savitri, let us now depart,
 And, hastening homeward, cheer each grieving heart."

Up sprang Savitri, bound her loosened hair,
 And helped her lord to rise, with loving care.
 When, as in hers her husband's hand she took,
 She saw him sadly on the burthen look,
 The loaded basket on her head she placed,
 And tied the hatchet to her dainty waist.
 By her supported, on her neck he leant,
 And towards their home her guiding steps she bent.

In that sad home what anxious watch was kept !
 How, with his sight restored, the hermit wept !
 The aged parents, in their wild unrest,
 Sought through the forest, weary and distrest,
 When the leaves rustled, as the breezes sighed,
 " Hark ! 't is Savitri, and our boy," they cried.
 Their naked feet, by brambles wounded, bled,
 As through the tangled brake they onward sped.
 There pitying hermits found the mourning pair,
 And led them home, and sought to soothe their care.
 There for a while their spirits were consoled
 With stirring tales of warrior-kings of old ;
 Till, minded thus of all their boy had done,
 And all the glory that his youth had won,
 They raised their bitter cry, " Alas ! my son, my son ! "

Oh ! rapturous moment, when the parents shed
 Cool tears of joy o'er those they mourned as dead.
 Scarce did they mark the heralds at the gate,
 Who came to call them back to royal state.
 "The tyrant-king," the herald cried, "is slain ;
 The nation calls thee to thy throne again.
 Thy praise is loud in every joyous street :
 Come, honoured monarch to thy fathers' seat."
 Gladly the king the people's call obeyed,
 And hastened homeward, as the nation prayed.
 Lord of that ancient kingdom, rich and fair,
 He called Prince Satyavan his rule to share.
 Then, in due time, as YAMA's lips had sworn,
 Of fair Savitri many a son was born ;
 And noble brothers, brave and dear to fame,
 Upheld the glories of her father's name

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE.

Chased by a hawk, there came a dove
With worn and weary wing,
And took her stand upon the hand
Of Kasi's¹ noble king.
The monarch smoothed her ruffled plumes,
And laid her on his breast ;
And cried, " No fear shall vex thee here,
Rest, pretty egg-born, rest !
Fair Kasi's realm is rich and wide,
With golden harvests gay,
But all that's mine will I resign
Ere I my guest betray."
But, panting for his half-won spoil,
The hawk was close behind,
And with wild eye and eager cry
Came swooping down the wind :
" This bird," he cried, " my destined prize,
'Tis not for thee to shield :
'Tis mine by right and toilsome flight
O'er hill and dale and field.
Hunger and thirst oppress me sore,
And I am faint with toil :
Thou shouldst not stay a bird of prey
Who claims his rightful spoil.

¹ Benares.

They say thou art a glorious king,
 And justice is thy care ;
 Then justly reign in thy domain,
 Nor rob the birds of air."

Then cried the king : " A cow¹ or deer
 For thee shall straightway bleed,
 Or let a ram or tender lamb
 Be slain, for thee to feed.

Mine oath forbids me to betray
 My little twice-born guest :
 See, how she clings, with trembling wings,
 To her protector's breast."

" No flesh of lambs," the hawk replied,
 " No blood of deer for me;
 The falcon loves to feed on doves,
 And such is Heaven's decree.

But if affection for the dove
 Thy pitying heart has stirred,
 Let thine own esh my maw refresh,
 Weighed down against the bird."

He carved the flesh from off his side,
 And threw it in the scale,
 While women's cries smote on the skies
 With loud lament and wail,

He hacked the flesh from side and arm,
 From chest and back and thigh,
 But still above the little dove
 The monarch's scale stood high.

¹ I have retained the cow at the risk of hurting the feelings of some sensitive Hindus. This apologue was composed before the cow was sacrosanct.

THE SUPPLIANT DOVE.

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He heaped the scale with piles of flesh,

With sinews, blood, and skin,

And when alone was left him bone

He threw himself therein.

Then thundered voices through the air ;

The sky grew black as night ;

And fever took the earth that shook

To see that wondrous sight.

The blessed Gods, from every sphere,

By Indra led, came nigh ;

While drum and flute and shell and lute

Made music in the sky.

They rained immortal chaplets down,

Which hands celestial twine,

And softly shed upon his head

Pure Amrit, drink divine.

Then God and Seraph, Bard and Nymph

Their heavenly voices raised,

And a glad throng with dance and song

The glorious monarch praised.

They set him on a golden car

That blazed with many a gem ;

Then swiftly through the air they flew,

And bore him home with them.

Thus Kasi's lord, by noble deed,

Won Heaven and deathless fame ;

And when the weak protection seek

From thee, do thou the same.

TRUE GLORY.

To whom is glory justly due ?
To those who pride and hate subdue ;
Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
Lead lives of holy abstinence ;
Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain
And, injured, injure not again ;
Who ask of none, but freely give
Most liberal to all that live ;
Who toil unresting through the day,
Their parents' joy and hope and stay ;
Who welcome to their homes the guest,
And banish envy from their breast ;
With reverent study love to pore
On precepts of our sacred lore ;
Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
In body pure and pure within ;
Whom avarice can ne'er mislead
To guilty thought or sinful deed ;
Whose fancy never seeks to roam
From the dear wives who cheer their hom
Whose hero souls cast fear away
When battling in a rightful fray ;
Who speak the truth with dying breath
Undaunted by approaching death,
Their lives illumed with beacon light
To guide their brothers' steps aright ;

Who loving all, to all endeared,
Fearless of all by none are feared ;
To whom the world with all therein,
Dear as themselves, is more than kin ;
Who yield to others, wisely meek,
The honours which they scorn to seek ;
Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
And lure embittered foes to peace ;
Who serve their God, the laws obey,
And earnest, faithful, work and pray ;
To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
Is highest glory justly due.

MARRIAGE.

Thrice blest are they with joy and peace
Whom marriage bonds unite,
Who see their home in wealth increase,
And share each holy rite.

The Wife is half the man: a friend,
The wisest, truest, best;
On her, wealth, virtue, joy, depend,
And hopes of heavenly rest.

Call her, thy children's mother, Wife,
Who tends thy house with skill,
Who loves thee as her lord and life,
And joys to do thy will.

She comforts thee with gentle speech,
And all a mother's care,
Teaching, as pious fathers teach,
Religion, praise, and prayer.

Happy the man who, worn and tried
By life's hard thorny way,
Can find this angel by his side,
His comfort, guide, and stay.

III
FRAGMENTS

THE RAINS¹

Who is this that driveth near,
Heralded by sounds of fear ?
Red his flag, the lightning's glare
Flashing through the murky air :
Pealing thunder for his drums,
Royally the monarch comes.
See, he rides, amid the crowd,
On his elephant of cloud,
Marshalling his kingly train :
Welcome, O thou Lord of Rain !
Gathered clouds as black as night
Hide the face of heaven from sight,
Sailing on their airy road,
Sinking with their watery load,
Pouring down a flood of tears ;
Pleasant music to our ears.
Woe to him whose love's away :
He must mourn, while all are gay.
Every cooling drop that flows
Swells the torrent of his woes.
If he raise his tearful eye,
Indra's Bow, that spans the sky,

¹ Freely translated from the *Ritu-Samhára*, or *The Seasons*, a pretty little poem ascribed to Kálidásá.

Strung with lightning, hurls a dart
 Piercing through his lonely heart :
 For the clouds, in fancy's dream,
 Belted with the lightning's gleam,
 Conjure up the flashing zone
 Of the maid he calls his own ;
 And the lines of glory there
 Match the gems she loves to wear.
 Earth, what dame has gems like thine,
 When thy golden fire-flies shine ?
 When thy buds of emerald green
 Deck the bosom of their Queen ?
 Look upon the woods, and see
 Bursting with new life each tree.
 Look upon the river side,
 Where the fawns in lilies hide.
 See the peacocks hail the rain,
 Spreading wide their jewelled train :
 They will revel, dance, and play
 In their wildest joy to-day.
 What delight our bosom fills,
 As we gaze upon the hills,
 Where those happy peacocks dance,
 And the silver streamlets glance,
 And the clouds, enamoured, rest,
 Like a crown, upon the crest
 Of that hill that fainting lay
 'Neath the burning summer ray,
 While the freshening streams they shed
 Glorify his woody head.

THE RAINS.

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Bees, that round the lily throng,
Soothe us with their drowsy song :
Towards the lotus-bed they fly ;
But the peacock, dancing by,
Spreads abroad his train so fair,
That they cling, deluded, there.

Oh, that breeze ! his breath how cool !
He has fanned the shady pool :
He has danced with bending flowers,
And kissed them in the jasmine bowers
Every sweetest plant has lent
All the riches of its scent
And the cloud who loves him flings
Cooling drops upon his wings.

AUTUMN¹

Welcome, Autumn, lovely bride,
Full of beauty, full of pride!
Hear her anklets' silver ring :
'T is the swans that round her sing.
Mark the glory of her face :
'T is the lotus lends it grace.
See the garb around her thrown ;
Look and wonder at her zone.
Robes of maize her limbs enfold,
Girt with rice like shining gold.
Streams are white with silver wings
Of the swans that Autumn brings :
Lakes are sweet with opening flowers,
Gardens, gay with jasmine bowers ;
While the woods, to charm the sight,
Show their bloom of purest white.
Vainly might the fairest try
With the charms around to vie.
How can India's graceful daughter
Match that Swan upon the water ?
Fair her arching brow above
Swimming eyes that melt with love :
But that charming brow can never
Beat that ripple on the river ;

¹ See the footnote on page 131.

And those eyes must still confess
 Lilies' rarer loveliness.
 Perfect are those rounded arms,
 Aided by the bracelets' charms :
 Fairer still those branches are,
 And those creepers, better far,
 Ring them round with many a fold,
 Lovelier than gems and gold.
 Look upon that beauteous girl,
 Coral-lipped, and toothed with pearl :
 See the lily and the rose :
 Teeth and lips must yield to those.

Now no more doth Indra's Bow
 In the evening sun-light glow,
 Nor his flag, the lightning's glare,
 Flash across the murky air;
 Nor the cranes in armies fly,
 Steering through the cloudy sky ;
 Nor the peacocks lift the head :
 Love and joy for them are fled.
 Love from them is fled, and they
 Care no more to dance and play :
 Love has sought the swans, who glide
 Sweetly singing down the tide.
 Beauty too has left the trees
 Which but now were wont to please :
 Other darlings claim her care ;
 And she pours her blossoms there.

Now beneath the moonlight sweet
 Many troops of maidens meet :

Many a pleasant tale they tell
 Of the youths that love them well ;
 Of the word, the flush, the glance,
 The sigh, the kiss, the dalliance.

Ah ! for him whom cruel fate
 Keeps afar, disconsolate !
 Nature's very loveliness
 But embitters his distress.
 Hapless youth, each fairest scene
 Bids him think on what has been.
 Lotus-blossoms cause a sigh,
 Like, too like her beaming eye ;
 And the tear of anguish flows,
 As he gazes on the rose,
 Pining for remembered bliss,
 And the lips he loved to kiss.
 Hark ! the swan's wild music swells
 But, to him, the tinkling bells
 Of the zone she used to wear
 Ring in mockery through the air.

Not a youth can wonder, when
 Jasmine blossoms scent the glen,
 While the notes of many a bird
 From the garden shades are heard,
 And the lotus-eyes of deer
 Mildly through the covert peer,
 But his melting soul must feel
 Sweetest longing o'er it steal.
 Not a maid can brush away
 Morning dew-drops from the spray,

But she feels a sweet unrest
Wooingly disturb her breast,
As the breezes, fresh and cool,
From the lilies on the pool,
Sweet with all the fragrance there,
Play, like lovers, with her hair.

FEED THE POOR

If thou would win the dear reward
Which only virtue earns,
Waste not thy wealth upon the lord
Who gift for gift returns.
Not with the rich thy treasures share ;
Give aid to those who need ;
And, with the gold thy wants can spare,
The poor and hungry feed.
Be sure that those who would receive
Deserve and crave thy care ;
And ponder, ere thy hands relieve,
The how, and when, and where.

—*Hitopadesa*

THE WISE SCHOLAR

I hold that scholar truly wise
Who schools his heart and lips and eyes:
Who can as worthless clay behold
The treasures of another's gold:
Who looks upon his neighbour's wife
As upon her who gave him life:
Who feels as for himself for all
That live on earth, both great and small.
—*Hitopadesa,*

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४—,, „ द्वितीय खण्ड—संस्कृत-शिक्षा, चारिमाणे विभक्त, मूल्य ३॥।

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